



GEORGE WILLIAMS



COLLEGE

*LIBRARY*

Downers Grove, Illinois

GEORGE WILLIAMS COLLEGE  
LIBRARY

5315 DREXEL AVENUE  
CHICAGO 15, ILL.



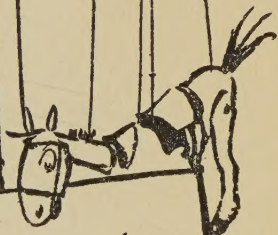












*This Book belongs to*

GEORGE WILLIAMS COLLEGE  
LIBRARY  
5315 DREXEL AVENUE  
CHICAGO, ILL.

JOHN  
SABO





# A BOOK OF MARIONETTE PLAYS

With directions for constructing marionettes and stage ; instructions for performing the marionette feats employed in the plays ; and two fairy-plays to be used in connection with Tony Sarg's Toy Theatre.

## BOOKS BY TONY SARG

TONY SARG'S BOOK FOR CHILDREN

TONY SARG'S BOOK OF ANIMALS

TONY SARG'S WONDER ZOO

TONY SARG'S ALPHABET

SOLDIER BOY (with Felicite Le Fevre)

A BOOK OF MARIONETTE PLAYS (with  
Anne Stoddard)

*In Preparation*

TONY SARG'S BOOK OF TRICKS

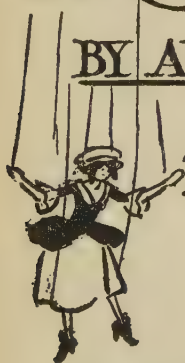


# A BOOK OF MARIONETTE PLAYS

BY ANNE STODDARD

AND

TONY SARG



**GREENBERG PUBLISHER**  
**NEW YORK**

GEORGE WILLIAMS COLLEGE  
LIBRARY

5315 DREXEL AVENUE

COPYRIGHT, 1927  
GREENBERG, PUBLISHER, INC.

Second Printing

291.531  
25631  
15670

The play versions given in this book are fully protected by U. S. Copyright. Permission is granted to the purchaser of this volume to produce any, or all, of these plays where admission is not charged, or at any performance for public benefit. The presentation of any material in this book for profit, or in any professional theatre where admission is charged, is expressly forbidden except by special arrangement with Greenberg, Publisher, Inc., holders of copyright.

TO MUDDIE GLEN—GOD BLESS HER!





## TABLE OF CONTENTS

	PAGE
Introduction by Tony Sarg . . . . .	xi

### SECTION I

Red Riding-Hood: A Play in Three Scenes .	5
Jack and the Beanstalk: A Play in Four Scenes . . . . .	21
Hansel and Gretel: A Play in Three Scenes	55
The Singing Lesson: A One Act Play . .	81
Rip Van Winkle: A Play in Six Scenes . .	97

### SECTION II

Suggestion for a Vaudeville Show . . . .	137
Tony Sarg Tells How to Make a Mario- nette . . . . .	141
Tony Sarg Tells How to Construct a Home- made Marionette Stage . . . . .	151
Notes Which Tell How to Perform Mario- nette Tricks Employed in the Plays . .	155

## SECTION III

An Introduction to Tony Sarg's Toy Theatre . . . . .	169
Red Riding-Hood: Simplified Version of Play, for Use in Tony Sarg's Toy Theatre . . . . .	173
Hansel and Gretel: Simplified Version for Use in Tony Sarg's Toy Theatre . . .	187

## INTRODUCTION

It is not my purpose in these introductory paragraphs to talk about the fascination of making and playing with marionettes, or to tell my readers that they need only construct a single doll, dress the little creature, and give him a chance to do his tricks, in order to fall under the spell that invests these quaint beings—although that is true enough!—for I am assuming that those who read this book are already susceptible to the lure of the marionette. Rather, I wish to tell you something about the book itself.

Marionettes, as most people know, fall into three classes. One type consists of a head and an empty dress, slipped upon the hand of the performer, who animates the puppet with his thumb and two fingers—it is to this type that Punch and Judy belong, and the famous marionettes of George Sand. Another type is the doll operated from below, by means of rods, or the legs of the figure itself. The third type, the true marionette, is a puppet operated from above by means of strings, or wires. To this third class belong my own dolls (with the exception of those designed

for the Toy Theatre, of which I shall speak later) and virtually all modern "artistic marionettes," as well as the figures used in the traditional dramas of the Italian marionette stage.

In professional marionette production a scaffolding is erected above the stage, which provides a double platform, on which the operators, or "puppeteers," as they are called, must stand to manipulate the dolls. This scaffolding is called the "bridge."

The crossed bits of wood, which the puppeteer holds in his left hand, and to which the strings of head, hands, back and breast are attached, constitute a device, known as the "controller"; and the stick, held in the right hand, to which leg strings are attached, is known as the "foot controller." It is by means of these controllers that the dolls are animated.

The puppeteer must learn not only to manipulate the little figures, but to speak the lines for the doll he is operating, suiting the action to the spoken word. This takes much practice, of course.

The five plays, printed in Section I, are written for the third type of puppet, the stringed marionette. All of these plays give opportunity for those feats which marionettes perform best; and I would suggest that those who write their own marionette plays, should bear in mind that the

more opportunities the play affords for the kind of action in which marionettes excel, the better the play!

Animal-puppets are always attractive and may be counted on to win the favor of the audience. That is another suggestion for the amateur playwright.

I have myself produced most of the plays in this book, including the Vaudeville performance. The original plays of "Jack and the Beanstalk" and "Rip Van Winkle" were written by other authors, hence lines and action are different, but many of the characteristic marionette-tricks are the same as those used in the original productions.

As the professional stage is rather elaborate and not necessary for home-production, a simple stage for amateur use has been suggested in the pages which follow the plays; and full directions have been given for constructing it and for making and operating marionettes.

Many people ask about the height of the dolls used on the professional marionette-stage. I prefer a two-foot puppet for my own performances, but would suggest a smaller doll for home production.

The ambitious amateur, who is clever with tools, may make a professional stage for himself,

if he so desires; or may have a carpenter make one for him, but the simpler stage will be found satisfactory for drawing-room entertainments.

Notes, which give directions for performing the more complicated marionette-tricks employed in the plays, are appended to the book.

The plays, themselves, fall naturally into four classes: "Red Riding-Hood" is a good play for beginners, because it contains no difficult feats for the marionettes to perform. "Jack and the Beanstalk" and "Hansel and Gretel" come next. These plays require more skill in operating the dolls than "Red Riding-Hood," but they are simple to produce. "The Singing Lesson" is entirely simple, with the exception of the little singer, Lucy, whose rather complicated mechanism and operation are explained in the notes.

"Rip Van Winkle" and the "Vaudeville Show" require the skill of the professional, or the expert amateur. Directions for making a puppet smoke a pipe, dance, play the accordin, etc., are given in the notes; also, for the feats of the juggler, who gives a performance with a ball.

Section II of the book is devoted to the Toy Theatre, which I have designed and put on the market, in response to letters from hundreds of children, who are too young, or have not the skill, to make and manipulate typical stringed marionettes.

This little theatre is complete, with stage, scenery, puppets, stage-properties and lighting arrangements. The dolls are operated from below and move about the stage in grooves, made for the purpose.

Two fairy-plays, simplified versions of "Red Riding Hood" and "Hansel and Gretel," arranged for the Toy Theatre, are included in the book; and full directions for operating dolls, placing scenery, etc., are inserted in the text.

It may be said here, that the Toy Theatre is so simple that a child may produce these plays charmingly without previous experience, or practice.

Full particulars about the Toy Theatre will be furnished by Greenberg, Publisher, Inc., 112 East 19th Street, New York, the publishers of this book.

TONY SARG.





## SECTION I



*Red Riding Hood*



*The Wolf*



*The Mother*



*The Father*



*The Tree stump*



*Grandmother's bed -*



*Red Riding Hood's basket.*



*The wolf with cap and spectacles.*

# RED RIDING-HOOD

A Play for Marionettes in Three Scenes

(Based on the Fairy Tale)

- Scene I. *Outside Red Riding-Hood's House*  
Scene II. *The Forest*  
Scene III. *The Grandmother's House*

## CHARACTERS IN ORDER OF APPEARANCE

Goodman Riding-Hood  
Goody Riding-Hood  
Red Riding-Hood  
Tommy Tucker, the Dog  
The Wolf  
The Grandmother



# RED RIDING-HOOD

## SCENE I

*Outside Red Riding-Hood's House. Dooryard with trees. Cottage right. Tree-stump centre. GOODMAN RIDING-HOOD is discovered, chopping at the stump. He whistles as he chops. Enter GOODY RIDING-HOOD.*

GOODY

Well, husband, you seem to be busy.

GOODMAN

Yes, wife. Just getting warmed up for the day's work. Forty or fifty strokes with the axe on the old stump and I am ready to chop the whole day through. I have to cut down the hemlock near Granny's house this morning.

GOODY

Granny is ill. She sent the miller's boy to tell us about it. You might look in and see how she is, if you are chopping over that way. I am sending Red Riding-Hood to take her a basket of comforts.

GOODMAN

That's good. Granny is a fine woman and we ought to do all we can for her. But I must be off. Goodbye, wife!

GOODY

Goodbye, then. And bring me home a basket of chips for kindling.

GOODMAN

I will, if I remember it. Goodbye!

*(Exit GOODMAN R.)*

GOODY

Men are provoking sometimes. *(She calls.)*  
Red Riding-Hood! Red Riding-Hood!

*(Enter RED RIDING-HOOD with a basket on her arm.)*<sup>1</sup>

GOODY

You must be starting for Granny's house, daughter. I see you found your little basket. I packed it, first thing this morning.

RED RIDING-HOOD

What is in the basket, Mother? Anything for me?

GOODY

Well, there is some mutton-broth for Granny,

<sup>1</sup> Note I, Page 155.

and a bottle of blackberry cordial. That will be good for her. And some strawberry jelly.

RED RIDING-HOOD

Strawberry jelly? I like that.

GOODY

I made some sandwiches for your luncheon; and I baked some little cakes for you, too.

RED RIDING-HOOD

Pink frosting?

GOODY

Yes, pink frosting! I know you like that kind.

RED RIDING-HOOD

Um, um! I love pink frosting.

GOODY

Brush up the hearth for Granny and ask her if there is anything you can do to make her comfortable.

RED RIDING-HOOD

Yes, Mother. Oh, I know what will please Granny. I will have Tommy Tucker count for her.

GOODY

Tommy? Count? What will that dog do next?

RED RIDING-HOOD

(*She whistles to her dog.*) Come, Tommy, Tommy, Tommy!

(*Enter TOMMY TUCKER, the dog.*)

RED RIDING-HOOD

Count for Mother, Tommy. Sit up now, so. (*TOMMY sits up on his hind legs.*) Now, ready! *One!* (*TOMMY raises one paw.*) Now, *Two!* (*TOMMY raises both paws.*) *Three!* (*He barks three times.*) *Four!* (*He barks four times.*) There! Good dog! Good old Tommy!

GOODY

Well, I never! You are a smart dog, Tommy Tucker.

TOMMY

Woof!

RED RIDING-HOOD

That means "yes" I suppose.

GOODY

Well, my dear, you'd better be starting—though I don't know that I like the idea of your going through the forest alone.



RED RIDING-HOOD

Why not, Mother?

GOODY

Because it is a queer place, the forest. There are strange things there—things I don't like.

RED RIDING-HOOD

You *are* funny, Mother. There are flowers in the forest; and birds; and berries to pick. The trees whisper so sweetly together, I always think they are telling each other secrets. I love the forest.

GOODY

Well, don't linger by the way. Go straight to Granny's house; and don't stop to talk with anyone.

RED RIDING-HOOD

Oh, I won't meet anybody.

GOODY

Don't be too sure of that. But there! I am a foolish woman to think of such things, I suppose. Run along and don't forget to tell Granny I made the blackberry cordial myself.

RED RIDING-HOOD

No, Mother. Goodbye, Mother.

GOODY

Goodbye, Red Riding-Hood. Be a good girl.

RED RIDING-HOOD

Yes, Mother. Come along, Tommy!  
(*Exit* RED RIDING-HOOD *and* TOMMY.)

GOODY

Well, well, well! One never knows!

CURTAIN

## SCENE II

*The Forest. Birds are singing.<sup>1</sup> Butterflies flutter about. A rabbit runs across the stage; TOMMY TUCKER chases him, barking furiously.*

*(Enter RED RIDING-HOOD.)*

RED RIDING-HOOD

Tommy! Stop it! Come here, you bad dog! That rabbit is just as good as you are. You leave it alone, do you hear me? Bad dog!

*(TOMMY crawls on his stomach.)*

RED RIDING-HOOD

All right, if you're sorry. And if you're very, very good, maybe—just maybe——

TOMMY.

Woof!

RED RIDING-HOOD

*Maybe, I said—maybe I'll give you a cake.*

<sup>1</sup> Bird-whistles may be bought at the toy-store.

TOMMY

Woof! Woof!

RED RIDING-HOOD

Do you want——?

TOMMY

*(He stand up and begs.)* Woof!

*(Enter the WOLF.)*

TOMMY

*(He growls.)* Urrgh! Grrgh!

WOLF

Good morning, little girl. Fine morning, isn't it?

RED RIDING-HOOD

Yes, sir.

WOLF

And what might your name be, pretty little girl?

RED RIDING-HOOD

My name is Red Riding-Hood, sir.

WOLF

Ah! And where are you going this fine morning?

RED RIDING-HOOD

I am going to my Granny's house. She is sick.

WOLF

Does your Granny live near here?

RED RIDING-HOOD

Right over there. You can see the chimney through the trees.

WOLF

Yes, yes. I see it. That's a nice little basket. What have you in your basket, pretty little Red Riding-Hood?

RED RIDING-HOOD

Lots of good things. Broth and blackberry cordial for Granny. And jelly. And cakes with pink frosting. Those are for me.

WOLF

I like cakes. I like jelly. But I like little girls better. You are a nice, tasty looking little girl, Red Riding-Hood. Simply delicious.

RED RIDING-HOOD

Come, Tommy.

TOMMY

Urrgh! Grrgh!

WOLF

A juicy little girl. Good enough to eat!

RED RIDING-HOOD

I must be going.

WOLF

I'll be going, too. Perhaps we shall meet again,  
Red Riding-Hood.

(*Exit* WOLF.)

RED RIDING-HOOD

That's funny. Mother sometimes says she  
would like to eat me up, too—but it sounded dif-  
ferent, someway. I don't like Mr. Wolf—do you,  
Tommy?

TOMMY

(*He growls.*) Urrgh! Grrgh!

CURTAIN

### SCENE III

*The Grandmother's House. An interior with a bed. The WOLF is discovered in bed, with the Grandmother's cap and spectacles on. Knocking is heard at the door.*

WOLF

Who's there?

RED RIDING-HOOD

(*Outside.*) It is Red Riding-Hood, Granny, come to wish you good-morning. Let me in, please.

WOLF

Lift the latch, open the door and walk in.

(*Enter RED RIDING-HOOD and dog. TOMMY growls.*)

RED RIDING-HOOD

How are you, dear Granny? Mother sent you a basket of goodies. *Oh, Granny!*

WOLF

Well?

RED RIDING-HOOD

You look so strange, Grandmother. What big ears you have!

WOLF

The better to hear you with, my child.

RED RIDING-HOOD

Wh-what big eyes you have, Grandmother!

WOLF

All the better to see you with, my child.

RED RIDING-HOOD

But—but—Grandmother—what a big nose you have!

WOLF

All the better to smell you with, my child.

RED RIDING-HOOD

(*She is crying.*) And what—what big teeth you have, Grandmother!

WOLF

(*He springs out of bed.*) The better to eat you with, my child! (*He chases RED RIDING-HOOD. TOMMY attacks him.*)



RED RIDING-HOOD

(*She screams.*) Oh, oh, oh!

(*Enter GOODMAN RIDING-HOOD with axe.*)

GOODMAN

What is going on here? (*He strikes the wolf with the axe.*) Take that, you wicked wolf! And that! And that! (*He kills the wolf, who dies with groans of agony.*)

RED RIDING-HOOD

Oh, Father! Father! Dear, dear Father!

GOODMAN

Don't be frightened, daughter. The wicked wolf is dead.

(*Enter the GRANDMOTHER.*)

RED RIDING-HOOD

Granny!

GRANDMOTHER

Why, Red Riding-Hood! Why, son! What has happened here?

GOODMAN

Mother! Where have you been? Red Riding-Hood came to see you and the old wolf would have eaten her up, if I had not come when I did.

GRANDMOTHER

The saints be praised. (*She kicks the dead wolf.*) And my cap and spectacles, too! I felt so much better this morning, I just nipped out to buy a pound of tea.

RED RIDING-HOOD

Oh, I am glad the wicked wolf is dead.

GRANDMOTHER

We are all glad. He was the worst person in the forest, that wolf.

GOODMAN

Well, he got what he deserved. Wicked people always come to a bad end.

CURTAIN





Jack



Buttercup



Fairy-  
Godmother



Jack's  
mother



Giant's  
wife



Giant



A rooster

# JACK AND THE BEAN-STALK

A Play for Marionettes in Four Scenes

(Based on the Fairy Tale)

Scene I. *A Road*

Scene II. *Jack's House*

Scene III. *The Giant's House*

Scene IV. *Same as Scene II*

## CHARACTERS IN ORDER OF APPEARANCE

Jack, a Boy

Buttercup, a Cow

A Fairy God-mother

Jack's Mother

Janey, Jack's Sister

The Giant

The Giant's Wife

The Hen-that-lays-Golden-Eggs

A Rooster





## JACK AND THE BEAN-STALK

### SCENE I

*A Road. Birds are singing. Butterflies flutter about. A pair of rabbits run across the stage and play leap-frog over large stone, right. Enter JACK, driving BUTTERCUP. He has a stick in his hand. He seats himself upon the stone and the cow snatches a mouthful of grass.*

JACK

Well, Buttercup, old girl, we'll rest a bit.

BUTTERCUP

Moo! Moo!

JACK

Good old Bossy! Whatever will we do without you?

BUTTERCUP

Moo!

JACK

You cows have an easy time. Dinner for you, everywhere the grass grows. Now, suppose sausages and bread-and-butter grew alongside the road. Jiminy! I wish they did. I'm hungry.

BUTTERCUP

Moo!

(*Enter* FAIRY GOD-MOTHER.)

FAIRY

Good morning, boy.

JACK

'Morning, ma'am.

FAIRY

That's a fine cow you have.

JACK

Oh, yes, ma'am. She gives lots of milk, and cream an inch thick. She's a very good cow.

FAIRY

So I see.

BUTTERCUP

(*She nods her head for "yes."*) Moo!



JACK

Just hear her. That's old Buttercup's way of talking.

FAIRY

Buttercup. That's a nice name.

BUTTERCUP

Moo!

FAIRY

Where are you going with your fine cow?

JACK

Well, Mother said I must take her to market and sell her.

FAIRY

Sell such a fine animal? Why?

JACK

Well, you see, we have to sell her. We are poor; and there is no food in the house. And we haven't anything else to sell, except poor old Buttercup.

FAIRY

My, my! That's too bad. Do you know I have taken a fancy to that cow—I have, indeed. Perhaps I might buy her myself.

JACK

What a piece of luck! But I'll have to get a lot of money for her. Mother said so.

FAIRY

Hm! You seem a nice boy; and Buttercup is a very nice cow; I *might* give you something—well, something rather remarkable.

JACK

What is it, ma'am?

FAIRY

Listen to me—carefully. It is something that will make you rich, if you follow my instructions. Will you do exactly as I say?

JACK

Indeed, I will. Just tell me what to do.

FAIRY

(*She holds out her hand.*) Do you see what I have in my hand?

JACK

Why—why—they look like beans—pretty colored beans.

FAIRY

So they are! Magic beans, a handful of them.

You must plant these beans; and then a magic bean-stalk will spring up—up clear to the sky.

JACK

It will? A magic bean-stalk?

FAIRY

At the top of the bean-stalk lives a giant, a wicked old fellow and very, very rich. You must climb up the bean-stalk and go to his house.

JACK

Whew!

FAIRY

I will meet you at the giant's house and tell you what to do.

JACK

Oh, crickey!

FAIRY

You shall be rich—I promise it. But one thing you must remember. All the riches in the world will do you no good, unless you keep a good heart and share your good fortune with the needy.

JACK

Yes, ma'am. Will you really give me those magic beans for old Buttercup?

FAIRY

Yes, I will, boy. I like you. It isn't everyone I would give these beans to—in exchange for a cow. (*She gives JACK the beans.*)

JACK

Thank you, thank you, ma'am. You are ever so good and kind.

FAIRY

You may drive the cow home for me. Straight down this road and first turn to the left. You'll see a little crooked house. It is red; and the roof has ears like a cat's. You can't miss it.

JACK

Yes, ma'am.

FAIRY

There's a barn at the back. Take the cow in and tie her to the feeding-rack.

JACK

Yes, ma'am.

FAIRY

Well, I'm off. This is my busy day. Goodbye, boy.

JACK

Goodbye, madam.

*(Exit FAIRY GOD-MOTHER.)*

JACK

*(He whistles.)* Whew! Come on, old girl!  
*(He jumps on BUTTERCUP's back and rides off.)*

CURTAIN



## SCENE II

*Jack's House. The scene is an exterior, a cottage with door-yard. Jack's mother is discovered, sweeping the garden-path.*

*(Enter JANEY.)*

JANEY

Mother! Has Jack come home yet?

MOTHER

No, your brother has not come home.

JANEY

What did he go out for, anyway?

MOTHER

To sell the cow.

JANEY

Not our darling Buttercup! Oh, I can't bear it. Why, *why* must we sell Buttercup?

MOTHER

Because there is no food in the house. No bread, no tea, no sugar; and no money to buy any.

JANEY

(*She bursts into tears.*) Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Oh, dear! I love Buttercup and now some one else will have her. Some other little girl will polish her horns and kiss the dear little black spot on her nose.

MOTHER

And some other little girl will drink the creamy milk and eat the nice butter and pot-cheese I used to make for you.

JANEY

Can't we sell something else to get money for tea and sugar?

MOTHER

What is left to sell? Everything has been sold already, except the beds and the cooking-kettles. The spinning-wheel is gone and even the churn.

There's nothing left except the cow that any one wants.

(*Enter JACK.*)

JACK

Hello, Mother! Hello, Sister!

MOTHER

Well, son. What luck did you have?

JACK

Oh, the best of luck. I met a little old woman on the road, a little, wee, tiny woman. She had on a gray dress and a pointed hat; and she made me feel—oh, quite strange. She looked—do you know, Mother?—as if she knew everything in the whole wide world.

JANEY

She sounds like a Fairy God-mother.

JACK

Perhaps she was.

MOTHER

What I want to know is about the cow. Did you get a good price for her?

JACK

Oh, yes, Mother! You see, the Fairy God-



mother bought her. And she told me about a giant, who lives at the top of a great, tall bean-stalk. He's very rich, she says, and if I climb up the bean-stalk——

MOTHER

Whatever is the boy talking about? Have you taken leave of your senses, Jack?

JACK

No, Mother. But the Fairy God-mother said——

MOTHER

Drat the Fairy God-mother. How much money did you get for the cow?

JACK

Well, you see——

MOTHER

Speak up. What did you get?

JACK

I got—I got these beans. They are magic beans, Mother.

MOTHER

Oh, you wicked boy! You have sold our beautiful cow for a handful of beans!

JACK

Well, you see——

MOTHER

Was there ever such a stupid and ungrateful child! What are we to do now? May the saints help us!

JACK

Well, you see——

MOTHER

Not another word from you, you miserable boy. (*She spansks him with the broom.*) Perhaps that will teach you a little sense.

JACK

(*He is crying.*) B-but she t-told me to p-plant the beans.

MOTHER

Well, plant them then. They are no good to anybody, as it is.

(*JACK starts to plant the beans.*)

JANEY

Let me help you, brother. Oh, what pretty beans! Red ones—violet, blue. And here's a yellow one.

(*The bean-stalk shoots up.*) <sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Note II. Page 156.

JACK

Ooo-oh!

JANEY

Goody, goody!

(JACK *climbs the bean-stalk.*)

JACK

Goodbye, Mother! Goodbye, Janey. I'm going up to visit the giant, like the Fairy told me to!

MOTHER

May the saints preserve us!

CURTAIN



### SCENE III

*The Giant's House. An interior: chair, left; stove, centre; large kettle on floor, right. THE GIANT is discovered, sprawled in the chair. He is asleep and snores. The GIANT'S WIFE is stirring something in a pot on the stove. Knocking is heard at the door.*

GIANT'S WIFE

Come in!

(Enter JACK.)

JACK

Good morning, ma'am. Is the giant at home?

GIANT'S WIFE

Sshh! You'll wake him.

JACK

Oh, I see. Whew! How big—but please excuse me. I did not mean to be rude.

GIANT'S WIFE

Who are you, boy?

JACK

My name is Jack.

GIANT'S WIFE

And how did you get up here?

JACK

I climbed up the bean-stalk.

GIANT'S WIFE

That was a foolish thing to do. You should have stayed at home. Don't you know that my husband eats little boys?

JACK

Boys? He eats them?

GIANT'S WIFE

That's just what he does. A nice, fresh, live boy is the dinner he relishes most.

JACK

Oh, dear! I wish I hadn't come.

GIANT'S WIFE

He eats them raw. Cooking spoils the flavor, he says.

JACK

Oh, dear! I want to go home! (*He begins to cry.*)

GIANT'S WIFE

Sshh! You should never have come. I don't know what to do with you. There! He's waking up. You'd better hide somewhere. Pop into this kettle—quick!

(*JACK jumps into the kettle.*)

GIANT

(*He wakes, stretches and sniffs noisily.*) Ho, yum! Wife, I smell fresh meat.

GIANT'S WIFE

It must be the stew I am cooking for your dinner.

GIANT

It doesn't smell like stew. Fee, fi, fo, fum! I smell——

## GIANT'S WIFE

Now, don't say that! Please don't. A crow just flew over the house with a bone in her mouth. It's that you smell.

## GIANT

It doesn't smell like a bone. It smells delicious. It smells like Boy.

## GIANT'S WIFE

Nonsense! You eat too many boys, anyway. That last one disagreed with you.

## GIANT

I do like a juicy, tender Boy. Just a little salt—that's all. I love to crunch their brittle little bones. (*He sniffs.*) Fee, fi, fo, fum! I smell——

## GIANT'S WIFE

Now, don't say that. *Please* don't. You know how I dislike it.

(*Enter the* HEN-THAT-LAYS-THE-GOLDEN-EGGS. JACK *sticks up his head and ducks down again.*)

## HEN

Kut, kut, ke-daw-kut!

GIANT'S WIFE

There! She has laid another golden egg. Just hear her bragging about it.

HEN

Kut, kut, ke-daw-kut!

GIANT

Good! How many does that make?

GIANT'S WIFE

About seven hundred, I think.

GIANT

Seven hundred eggs of solid gold, and our hen lays another golden egg every day! We are rich, wife, and getting richer and richer.

HEN

Kut, kut, ke-daw-kut!

GIANT'S WIFE

Yes, with our hen and our bags of gold coins, we are rich indeed.

*(Exit HEN. JACK sticks up his head.)*

GIANT

I am the richest giant in the world. I can buy



anything I want—except a boy for dinner. I have to catch those.

## GIANT'S WIFE

Well, riches won't buy everything.

## GIANT

The butcher ought to keep the kind of meat I like. Then I could have a boy, whenever I want one.

## GIANT'S WIFE

There's no use being discontented. You have your gold and your hen-that-lays-the-golden-eggs, and your harp-that-plays-of-itself. What more do you want?

## GIANT

Nothing is any good, if I can't have what I want for dinner.

## GIANT'S WIFE

I'll fetch your harp. That will amuse you. It is upstairs—I'll get it in a minute. Don't let the stew burn, while I am gone.

*(Exit GIANT'S WIFE.)*

## GIANT

I don't want any stew!

*(He kicks the chair with his heels and*

*flounces about. JACK sticks up his head.)*  
(*Enter FAIRY GOD-MOTHER. She waves her wand before the GIANT's face.*)

FAIRY

Sleep! Sleep, wicked ogre. May your dreams be of snakes. (*The GIANT snores.*) May imps tease and torture you! (*To JACK.*) Quick, boy! Before the hateful creature wakes. Do as I tell you and you shall never want for anything again. (*JACK jumps out of the kettle.*)

JACK

What shall I do, madam?

FAIRY

Run into the next room, where the bags of gold are. Take as much as you can carry; and catch the hen-that-lays-the-golden-eggs. That is important. She will lay a golden egg every day—and then you will be rich forever and ever.

JACK

Thank you, madam.  
(*Exit JACK.*)

FAIRY

(*To sleeping GIANT.*) Sleep, sleep, great, snor-

ing mountain of pigs' flesh. May needles pierce you! May red-hot irons burn you.

*(Enter JACK with a bag of gold and the hen under his arm.)*

JACK

I have them, ma'am.

FAIRY

Remember what I told you about being kind and generous, and helping needy folks.

JACK

I'll try, ma'am. I will really.

FAIRY

Goodbye, boy! Go now—quickly.

JACK

Thank you—dear Fairy God-mother!

*(Exit JACK.)*

FAIRY

*(To GIANT.)* So! You have lost your gold; and your hen-that-lays-the-golden-eggs, old snorer. Everybody gets what he deserves. *(She kicks the GIANT.)*

CURTAIN

## SCENE IV

*Same as Scene II. JANEY and her MOTHER are discovered, seated on bench by door of cottage. Bean-stalk, right.*

JANEY

I wish I had some one to play with. If only Jack would come home.

MOTHER

My poor boy! It is three hours since he climbed up that terrible bean-stalk. (*She bursts into sobs.*)

JANEY

I am hungry. I wish I had a cup of milk. Or some sausage. Or even a piece of bread.

MOTHER

Heaven knows where our next meal is coming from.

(*The bean-stalk begins to shake.*)

JANEY

Look, Mother! Look at the bean-stalk!

MOTHER

Maybe Jack is coming down.

JANEY

There he comes! There comes Jack! Hello, brother! I see you.

MOTHER

My dear boy!

*(Enter JACK, climbing down the bean-stalk, with hen and bag of gold.)*

JACK

Good luck, Mother! Good luck, Sister!

MOTHER

Oh, son, I have been terribly worried about you. How glad I am to have you safe home again.

JACK

See what I have brought you.

JANEY

What is it? Do let me see.

JACK

A bag of gold. And a dear little hen that lays a golden egg every day. I took them from the wicked giant.

MOTHER

Praises be to the saints. Gold! We shall never be hungry again.

JANEY

It's a sweet little hen. It's a lovely little hen. Aren't you, little henny-penny?

HEN

Kut, kut, ke-daw-kut!

JANEY

Isn't she darling?

HEN

Cluck, cluck, cluck-cluck!

JANEY

She's talking to me.

MOTHER

White bread and sausage for my children every day!

JANEY

And a pink dress with ruffles!

JACK

A pony for me!

JANEY

And we can buy dear old Buttercup back again.

BUTTERCUP

(*Off-stage.*) Moo! Moo!

JANEY

That sounds like Buttercup's voice. It is her own darling moo!

JACK

Maybe the Fairy God-mother has sent her back. I'll go and see.

(*Exit JACK. The hen and bag of gold are removed from his hands off-stage.*)

MOTHER

A bag of gold! I'll buy a new spinning-wheel and a new churn.

JANEY

And I'll have a dolly.

MOTHER

And a brass preserving kettle!

JANEY

And a blue sash!

MOTHER

A black silk dress; and a jet brooch—maybe.  
(*Enter the HEN with a ROOSTER.*)

MOTHER

Well, did you ever? Our hen has found a little husband!

JANEY

The smart little thing. It didn't take her long, did it?

HEN

Craw, craw, craw, craw.

ROOSTER

Cock-a-doodle-doo! Cock-a-doodle-doo!

HEN

Kut, kut, ke-daw-kut!  
(*They keep it up.*)

MOTHER

That's no ordinary pair of fowls.  
(*The HEN and ROOSTER fight, then make it up.*)

HEN

Craw, craw, craw, craw!



ROOSTER

Cock-a-doodle-doo!

JACK

(*Off-stage.*) Here, chick, chick, chick, chick!  
(*Exit HEN and ROOSTER flying.*)

MOTHER

What's the world coming to, anyway? I hardly know whether I am on my head or my heels. And to think I scolded my boy for selling the cow for a handful of beans!

(*Enter JACK with BUTTERCUP.*)

JACK

Here she is.

JANEY

Precious old darling. Did you come back to Janey?

BUTTERCUP

Moo! (*She kicks up her heels.*)

JACK

She wants to dance.

MOTHER

I do, myself. I declare, I feel like a four-year-old.

JACK

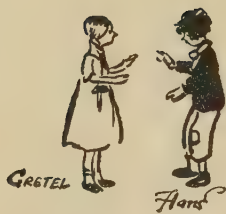
Come on, Buttercup. Let's show them how happy we are.

(JACK *and* BUTTERCUP *dance.*<sup>1</sup> JANEY *and the* MOTHER *keep time with hands and feet.*)

CURTAIN

<sup>1</sup> Note IX. Page 162.





GRETEL

Hans



Prince



Stepmother



Goblin

Ghost



Witch



Gingerbread Children.



cat

# HANSEL AND GRETEL

A Play for Marionettes in Three Scenes

(Based on the Fairy Tale)

Scene I. *A Cottage*

Scene II. *A Forest*

Scene III. *The Witch's House*

## CHARACTERS

(*They are given in the order in which they appear.*)

Gretel, a Little Girl

Hansel, Gretel's Brother

Prince, Hansel's Dog

Step-mother of Hansel and Gretel

A Goblin

A Ghost

A Witch

A Cat

Gingerbread Children





## HANSEL AND GRETEL

### SCENE I

*Interior of a woodsman's cottage. A table is laid with a meagre meal. Three chairs are drawn up to the table. Gretel is discovered, sweeping. She sings as she works.*

*(Enter HANSEL with PRINCE, his dog.)*

HANSEL

Hello, Sister ! Has Step-mother come home yet ?

GRETEL

No, she has not come. It is past noon, too. I wonder what is keeping her.

HANSEL

I'm hungry.

GRETEL

Yes, I am nearly starved. Dinner is on the table, everything is ready, and I have swept the floor while I was waiting. See how clean it is! And now I must put away the broom.

*(Exit GRETEL with broom.)*

HANSEL

*(To the dog.)* Are you hungry, too, old fellow?

PRINCE

Woof!

HANSEL

Oh, you are, are you? Well, then, here is a piece of bread for you. You want it, eh? Then you must speak for it.

PRINCE

Woof! Woof! Woof!

HANSEL

That will never do. Sit up like a good dog. There! Now, speak! Speak, I say.

PRINCE

*(He sits up and begs.)* Woof! Woof! Woof!

HANSEL

Good boy! Good fellow! Here is your bread.  
*(He gives a bit of food from the table to the*



dog.) Where are your manners? Can't you say 'Thank you!'?

PRINCE

Bow! Wow!

HANSEL

Very good. Now, say your prayers.

*(PRINCE does not wish to say his prayers and walks around the room impishly on his hind legs.)*

HANSEL

Prince! Come here, Prince! Say your prayers! Say your prayers, now!

*(PRINCE jumps up into a chair, places his front paws on the back and rests his head upon them in the traditional attitude of a dog "saying its prayers." He growls and mutters until HANSEL gives the word of release.)*

HANSEL

Amen!

*(The dog jumps down and prances about joyously. Enter GRETEL.)*

GRETEL

How hungry I am!

HANSEL

*(He walks about the table, peering into the*

*dishes.*) Hm! Goose-liver sausage, onions, milk and bread. I say, Gretel, let us eat our dinner now and not wait any longer for Step-mother.

GRETEL

She will be angry—but I do want my dinner.

HANSEL

Oh, come along! She can't do more than punish us, can she?

GRETEL

All right, then.

*(They seat themselves at the table and eat.)*

HANSEL

Um-m-m! But this is good!

GRETEL

Hansel! I wish we could go to the forest.

HANSEL

Why?

GRETEL

Oh, because it is so dark and mysterious—and it frightens me so much.

HANSEL

Girls are the silliest things! You want to go to

the forest because it frightens you. There is no sense to that.

GRETEL

There are lovely flowers in the forest and berries to pick. But there are other things, too—strange, strange things!

HANSEL

What do you mean?

GRETEL

Little men, brown as earth, who live under the ground; and fairies with crowns on their heads; and—*witches!*

HANSEL

Witches? I don't believe there are any witches in our forest.

GRETEL

Oh, yes indeed, brother! An old witch lives there who catches children and makes them into gingerbread—especially if they have been naughty. She has a great big oven to bake the children in.

HANSEL

Pshaw! I'm not afraid of any old witches—in the forest or anywhere else. I'm no fraidy-cat. Let's go. I think it will be jolly.

GRETEL

Yes, won't it? And we may as well go at once, for we have eaten all the dinner and left not a scrap for Step-mother.

HANSEL

Jiminy! Won't she punish us?

GRETEL

Yes—if we are here! Oh, I am crazy to go. It makes me want to dance just to think of it. (*She hums a tune and twirls about.*) Remember that dance we learned at the fair? Come on, Hansel.

HANSEL

How does it go?

GRETEL

Watch me and do as I do. This way—and this way—and this way! (*She shows HANSEL the steps.*)

HANSEL

All right.

(*The children dance <sup>1</sup> boisterously and the dog, excited by the uproar, jumps over the table, up-setting the dishes. Both children fling themselves into chairs, laughing noisily.*)

HANSEL claps his heels on the table and

<sup>1</sup> Note IX. Page 162.

GRETEL *tilts her chair so far back that she tips over. They shout with mirth.*)

*(Enter the STEP-MOTHER.)*

STEP-MOTHER

What is all this racket about? What do you mean, shouting around here fit to wake the dead, as if there were no work to be done? Answer me, Gretel!

GRETEL

*(She is confused.)* We were just dancing a little, Step-mother.

STEP-MOTHER

Dancing! Is this a time for dancing, when your father and I have to work our fingers to the bone to put bread into your mouths? Dancing, indeed! I'll teach you to dance, you lazy huzzy! *(She strikes GRETEL.)* And you, Hansel—what are you doing? Nothing useful, I'll be bound. *(She reaches for HANSEL, but he dodges back of the table.)* Come here, you good-for-nothing! *(She catches sight of the table.)* Oh, you wicked children! You have eaten all of the dinner and broken the dishes.

HANSEL

I don't care! I was hungry.

## STEP-MOTHER

You were, were you, you sauce-box? Now you shall have a whipping, as sure as your name is Hansel! (*She catches HANSEL and whips him. Both of the children cry.*) Take that, you naughty boy. And that! And that! Now, get out of the house, both of you, and stay out until you can behave yourselves! Out you go! (*She kicks the dog.*) Get out! Out of here, I say!

(*Exit HANSEL and GRETEL, still sobbing. The dog follows them.*)

## STEP-MOTHER

Oh, my goodness, were there ever such troublesome children!

## CURTAIN



## SCENE II

*The Forest. It is growing dark. Enter the children with wreaths of wilted flowers on their heads. The dog follows dejectedly. They sink down wearily upon the ground.*

HANSEL

Oh, how tired I am! We have walked a thousand miles—just about.

GRETEL

And all our pretty flowers are withered. Oh, how my legs ache!

HANSEL

I wish I hadn't eaten so many apples. Wow!

GRETEL

It is growing dark. Hansel—do you think we are lost?

HANSEL

Oh, no, sister, for I had a bit of bread in my pocket and I crumbled it and dropped the crumbs as we walked, so we could find our way home. All we have to do is to follow the crumbs straight back to our own house.

GRETEL

Let us start, then, for it is getting late. (*They rise and look about the ground for the crumbs.*) I do not see any crumbs.

HANSEL

I cannot find any, either.

GRETEL

Then we are quite lost! What can have become of the crumbs?

HANSEL

The birds must have eaten them up.

GRETEL

What shall we do? I wish we were home. Brother, we were very naughty.

HANSEL

Never mind—we will both be good when we get home again. We will never be disobedient any more.



GRETEL

Never!

*(Enter the GOBLIN.)*

GRETEL

Hansel—look! What is that?

*(The dog growls.)*

HANSEL

Where? What?

GRETEL

*(She points.)* There! That little man.

GOBLIN

*(He turns a hand-spring.)* How's that? Pretty good, eh?

GRETEL

Very nice, sir.

GOBLIN

What are you doing so late in the forest, maiden?

GRETEL

We have lost our way and it is growing dark—and I do wish we were home!

GOBLIN

Lost your way, did you? Tee-hee! *(He laughs)*

*in a crackling voice.*) Tee-hee! That's a good one!

HANSEL

I do not see anything good about it.

GOBLIN

Good or bad, it is all the same to me. Want to see me jump? (*He jumps like a monkey into the tree. The dog runs around the tree barking.*)

HANSEL

That was a fine jump, Master Goblin. How did you do it?

GOBLIN

Try it yourself, boy. It is as easy as anything.

(*HANSEL tries to jump, but falls to the ground. The GOBLIN laughs delightedly.*)

GRETEL

I think you are mean to laugh at poor Hansel.

GOBLIN

There's lots of mean things in the forest—things on two legs and things on four, and things with no legs at all. (*He jumps to the ground back of GRETEL, gives her a push that sends her sprawling, then leaps on the back of the dog, who runs off stage howling with the GOBLIN on his back. He returns, whining.*)

GRETEL

(*She picks herself up.*) How spiteful and unkind!

(*Pairs of glowing eyes begin to shine in the shrubbery.*<sup>1</sup> *The stage is now quite dark.*)

GRETEL

Brother—what is that? (*Both children tremble with fright. The dog growls.*)

HANSEL

They look like eyes, Sister—burning eyes, staring at us out of the dark.

GRETEL

Hansel! I am so frightened. Perhaps they are wolves and will eat us up.

HANSEL

If only Father were here!

GRETEL

(*To the DOG.*) You will look after us, good old Prince, won't you?

(*A GHOST appears and wails dismally.*)<sup>2</sup>

GRETEL

Oh! Oh! What is that? Oh, Hansel!

<sup>1</sup> Note III. Page 157.

<sup>2</sup> Note IV. Page 157.

HANSEL

Hold my hand, Sister. I am afraid.

*(The GHOST disappears. Sweet voices are heard, singing a lullaby. The eyes immediately disappear.)*

GRETEL

Hark! What sweet voices. They comfort me. Do you think good fairies are coming to take care of us?

HANSEL

I do not know, but I am not afraid any more. Wow! But I am sleepy.

GRETEL

So am I. Let us lie down on this bed of moss and go to sleep. *(To the DOG.)* Down, Prince, old fellow, and make a pillow for us! *(The children lie down with their heads pillowed on the dog.)*

HANSEL

When it is morning the sun will tell us how to find the way home.

CURTAIN



### SCENE III

*The Witch's House. The scene is an exterior. The house is made of candy and ornamented with cakes and tarts. To the left is an oven<sup>1</sup> and to the right a cage, joined to the house by a fence of gingerbread children. HANSEL, GRETEL and the DOG are discovered sleeping in the same position as at the curtain of Scene II. It is morning and the birds are singing.*

HANSEL

*(He wakes.)* Where are we, Sister?

GRETEL

It is morning—morning in the forest! I wish we had some breakfast.

HANSEL

*(He rises and spies the WITCH's house.)* What

<sup>1</sup> Note V. Page 158.

a funny little house! I am sure there was not any house here when we went to sleep.

GRETEL

Perhaps it is enchanted and can move about as it wishes—I have heard of such things. Oh! Oh! It is made of candy. See, brother, the dear little house is all built of caramels! And the windows are barley-sugar! Oh, how nice, how nice!

*(The DOG prances about joyously.)*

HANSEL

And the roof is made of taffy!

GRETEL

And the fence is gingerbread! See the posts—they are gingerbread children.

HANSEL

Here is our breakfast, Gretel, and a good one, I say! *(They break off bits of the house and begin eating.)* Chocolate! Yum! *(He gives some to the DOG.)* Here, Prince, this is for you.

GRETEL

Um-m! Nuts in this.

*(THE WITCH appears at a window, unseen by the children.)*

WITCH

*Munching, crunching, munching,  
Who's eating up my house?  
(The DOG growls.)*

GRETEL

Did you hear that, Hansel?

HANSEL

It was only the wind. I have often heard it howl that way in the trees. Taste this—it is good.  
*(They fall to eating again.)*  
*(The WITCH sails around the house on a broomstick and off-stage again.)*

WITCH

*Munching, crunching, munching,  
Who's eating up my house?*

GRETEL

The Witch! Hansel! It is the old witch who makes children into gingerbread! What shall we do? See—here is the oven! And here is a terrible cage! Oh, Hansel, let us go away at once.

HANSEL

I am not afraid of the old witch—but we'd better go, just the same.  
*(Enter the WITCH, followed by her CAT.)*

*The DOG flies at the CAT and tries to bite her. The WITCH kicks him. The CAT spits and claws.)*

WITCH

(*To the DOG.*) Hi, you! Stop that!

GRETEL

Down, Prince! Down! Come here and behave yourself.

WITCH

Oh, you dear children, what has brought you here? You have come to pay me a visit, eh? That's good—that's very good. (*To GRETEL.*) What's your name, my sweet little girl?

GRETEL

My name is Gretel—and this is my brother, Hansel. We are lost in the forest.

WITCH

That is even better. You are a nice, plump little girl, Gretel—a tasty little girl. Hm! "Sugar and spice, and everything nice, that's what little girls are made of!"

GRETEL

Come, Hansel, we'll be going.



WITCH

Not so fast, not so fast, my dear—perhaps I shall have something to say about that. Let me see—(*She turns to HANSEL.*) Let me see! This one needs fattening.

HANSEL

I want to go home! (*He weeps.*)

WITCH

Don't cry, little boy. Ye shall have cakes and tarts, sugar and citron, raisins and almonds—all you can hold of them. Ya! Oh, how nicely we shall fatten up this little boy!

HANSEL

(*He wails.*) I want to go ho-ome!

WITCH

(*She opens the door of the cage.*) Just step in here, dearie.

HANSEL

I don't wa-ant to!

GRETEL

(*To the DOG.*) Go for her, Prince! Bite her, Prince!

(*The WITCH shoves HANSEL into the cage.  
The DOG jumps for her and she pushes him,*

*also, into the cage and slams the door, and fastens it.)*

WITCH

(*To HANSEL.*) There you are, sweetheart. Now, all you have to do is to eat and eat and eat—and get fatter and fatter and fatter.

(*HANSEL weeps bitterly.*)

GRETEL

Let my brother out, you horrid old witch!

WITCH

Come now, dearie, that's no way to talk. (*She pokes GRETEL.*) Just right you are—fat and sweet! I am going to bake gingerbread to-day, my little girl, and the stove over there is heating for it. Just creep into the oven—will you?—and see if it is hot enough for the baking.

HANSEL

Gretel! Take care! Don't you do it! Don't, Gretel!

GRETEL

(*To the WITCH.*) I do not know how to open the door.

WITCH

I will open it for you—like this. (*She opens the oven door.*) Now, in with you!

GRETEL

(*She hangs back.*) I am too big to get through that narrow door, madam.

WITCH

Stupid goose! Why, the door is quite large enough for *me*! Just look—I could get into it myself.

(*The WITCH stoops over to show GRETEL how to get into the oven. GRETEL, who is behind her, gives her a push which sends her tumbling into the oven—and slams the door. The fire burns up brightly.<sup>1</sup> The WITCH howls in agony.*)

BOTH

Hooray! Hooray!

(*GRETEL liberates HANSEL and the DOG from the cage. The GINGERBREAD CHILDREN begin to move.*)

GRETEL

Come out, dear Hansel! And you, too, darling old Prince! The old witch will burn up as she deserves to do.

HANSEL

Good, sister! You are a clever girl.

<sup>1</sup> Note V. Page 158.

GRETEL

(*She sniffs.*) I smell gingerbread burning.

(*The GINGERBREAD CHILDREN come down from the fence.*)

FIRST CHILD

The spell is broken! We are free!

SECOND CHILD

The old witch baked us in her oven—and now we are alive again! Hooray! Hooray!

THIRD CHILD

Thank you, Gretel! Thank you, Hansel! The gingerbread children all thank you!

GRETEL

Oh, how glad I am the old witch is dead. How glad I am!

CHILDREN

Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! The old witch is baked to gingerbread! Hurrah!

(HANSEL and GRETEL dance.) <sup>1</sup>

CURTAIN

<sup>1</sup> Note IX. Page 162.





*Professor Lavendar*



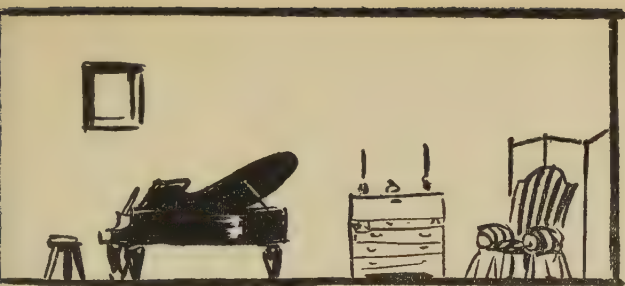
*Lucy Lavendar*



*Tippytoes*



*Laurence Lightfoot?*



## THE SINGING LESSON

A One-Act Play for Marionettes

### CHARACTERS

Professor Lavendar, a Singing Teacher

Lucy Lavendar, his Daughter

Tippytoes, a Butler

Lawrence Lightfoot, Lucy's Lover





## THE SINGING LESSON

*Drawing-room of Professor Lavendar's house.  
The PROFESSOR is discovered, seated in an arm-  
chair. Back of the chair is a screen. Left is a  
piano with bench. Back-stage is a secretary-desk.*

PROFESSOR

*(He sneezes.)* Ah-choo!

*(Enter LUCY carrying a glass.)*

LUCY

What, Father! Sneezing again? I believe you  
are taking cold.

PROFESSOR

Ah-choo!

LUCY

I've brought you some medicine. It will do you  
lots of good. Come, now—take it. That's a dear.

*(She hold the glass to the PROFESSOR'S  
lips.)*

PROFESSOR

Bah! Brr! Very bitter.

LUCY

Yes, I know it is nasty, but that can't be helped. Did you get your "forty winks" this afternoon?

PROFESSOR

No, I didn't. This accursed sneezing kept me awake.

LUCY

The medicine will make you sleep. It is an herb-tea. I made it myself.

PROFESSOR

Humph! Well, I will try to take a nap, anyway. And when I have rested, it will be time for your singing lesson.

LUCY

Yes, I should hate to miss my lesson. What a fortunate girl I am, to have my own father for a singing-teacher.

PROFESSOR

Thank you, my dear. You may well say "fortunate," for have I not trained some of the best singers in Europe? Assuredly so. But now I shall try to rest.

LUCY

All right, Father. Sleep well!

*(Exit LUCY. The glass is removed from her hand off-stage.)*

PROFESSOR

Daughter! Oh, Lucy!

*(Re-enter LUCY.)*

LUCY

Yes?

PROFESSOR

If the tailor calls for his reckoning while I am taking my nap, the money is there in the desk. Give it to him, please.

*(Enter TIPPYTOES.)*

LUCY

Oh, in the desk? *(She goes to desk, raises lid and looks in.)* Very well, Father, I will attend to it.

TIPPYTOES

Mr. Lightfoot to see Miss Lucy.

PROFESSOR

Lightfoot? Did you say "Lightfoot"?

TIPPYTOES

Yes, sir.

PROFESSOR

That blackguard!

LUCY

Oh, *please*, Father.

PROFESSOR

Show Mr. Lightfoot out, Tippytoes. My daughter is not at home to Mr. Lightfoot.

TIPPYTOES

Very good, sir.

(*Exit* TIPPYTOES.)

LUCY

(*She weeps.*) You are breaking my heart, Father.

PROFESSOR

Haven't I told you not to have anything more to do with that good-for-nothing—that gambler! Now, you listen to me, Lucy. I positively forbid him the house.

LUCY

Oh, dear! Oh, dear! What shall I do? So handsome! So distinguished! Such a fine figure of a man! Oh, dear! Oh, dear!

(*Exit* LUCY, *weeping.*)

PROFESSOR

“Handsome,” indeed! “Distinguished,” indeed!

"Fine figger of a man!" Humph! (*He goes to the piano and plays angrily.*) Spend-thrift! Nothing to do, but throw away his money at the gaming-clubs! Still, if she wants him— (*He plays drowsily and loses the notes.*) Ym-m-m! How sleepy I am! It must be Lucy's medicine. (*He goes to arm-chair and seats himself.*) A good girl, Lucy! I wonder if she really wants that scoundrelly Lightfoot. Oh, well. Maybe she will forget him. Still— if she doesn't——!

(*He sleeps.*)

(*Enter LIGHTFOOT. He carries a cane.*)

LIGHTFOOT

(*He approaches the PROFESSOR, who is snoring.*) My word! (*He calls softly.*) Lucy! Oh, Lucy!

(*Enter LUCY.*)

LIGHTFOOT

You were not far away, sweetheart. Heard me right away, didn't you?

LUCY

Oh, my dear Lawrence, you must be mad to come here like this. Father is very angry with you. I am afraid you will wake him—and then there will be a terrible scene.

LIGHTFOOT

Never mind him. He is fast asleep as a dormouse.

LUCY

How did you get in? Father told Tippytoes to show you out.

LIGHTFOOT

Through the window. That silly butler of yours—Tippytoes, or whatever his name is—said you were not at home, but I knew better; so I waited until nobody was about and—let myself in—to find out what was the matter. What *is* the matter, Lucy?

LUCY

Something terrible has happened. (*She weeps.*)

LIGHTFOOT

Don't cry, sweetheart. It can't be so very terrible.

LUCY

But it is! Father has forbidden you the house. He says you spend too much money at cards.

LIGHTFOOT

I'll leave off gambling altogether, if the old

gentleman will consent to our marriage. I swear I will, Lucy.

LUCY

Lawrence! You are so wonderful.

LIGHTFOOT

We'll manage the old boy somehow.

LUCY

Do you think we can? (*A door slams.*) There! I told you so. Somebody's coming. Quick—hide, before he wakes up! There—behind the screen. (*LIGHTFOOT hides himself.*) Lawrence! I'll be right outside the door—listening!

(*Exit LUCY.*)

(*Enter TIPPYTOES.*)

TIPPYTOES

(*He bends over the PROFESSOR.*) Yah! Old Fuss-an-feathers! Takin' a nap, are you? (*He goes to the desk and raises the lid. LIGHTFOOT peers around the edge of the screen. TIPPYTOES finds and flourishes the bank-notes.*) Hooray! Enough to buy a whole barrellful of ale!

(*Exit TIPPYTOES. He falls over the piano-stool and makes a clatter.*)

PROFESSOR

(*He wakes.*) Well, well, well! I must have

been asleep! I *have* been asleep. That's good! I must tell Lucy.

(*Enter LUCY.*)

LUCY

Father! I heard a noise in here. Did you fall?

PROFESSOR

No, no. I have had a good nap. I never waked up once.

LUCY

Oh, I *am* glad! Are you feeling better?

PROFESSOR

A little, I think. (*He coughs.*)

LUCY

Poor Father! I'll get you some more medicine.

PROFESSOR

Oh, no, no, NO! (*He goes to the piano.*)  
Time for your lesson, daughter. (*LUCY takes her place by the piano. The PROFESSOR strikes several chords.*) Suppose we try the breathing exercises first. Now—slowly—inhale! Expand the chest! One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten! (*LUCY inhales.*) <sup>1</sup> Now, exhale! Slowly now,—let it out! One, two, three, four,

<sup>1</sup> Note VI. Page 158.



five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten! (*LUCY exhales.*) Now the scales. (*LUCY sings scales.*) Very good, my child, all but the top note. Where was your breath? And again, for the millionth time, please try to remember that what goes up, must come down!

LUCY

Shall I try it again?

PROFESSOR

Yes, yes,—but lift the palate as you go up! Tongue pointed against the teeth, as you come down! (*LUCY sings scales again.*) All good, but the last tone. Where was your breath? Again! (*LUCY sings again.*) Very good. Let me see, what was the song we practised last lesson?

LUCY

Oh, don't you remember, Father? It was "The Last Rose of Summer."

PROFESSOR

(*He turns the pages of a music book on the rack.*) Let me see—let me see—here it is! Now, then—ready! (*LUCY sings.*) Excellent, my dear. Your voice is improving.

(*Enter TIPPYTOES.*)

TIPPYTOES

Ahem!

PROFESSOR

Well, Tippytoes, what is it?

TIPPYTOES

The tailor for his bill, sir.

PROFESSOR

What's that? Tailor? Oh, yes, I know, I know. I'll fetch the money. (*He goes to the desk, raises lid, and looks in.*) It's not here—it's gone! Lucy, what did you do with the money for the tailor?

LUCY

Nothing, Father. The money must be there. I saw it, after I gave you your medicine. Let me look. (*She goes to the desk.*) Why—why—it is gone! Where can it have got to?

PROFESSOR

It's been stolen—that's where it has gone!

LUCY

Stolen? Oh, you don't mean it! Oh, I am so frightened! Oh, I shall faint!

TIPPYTOES

What shall I tell the tailor, sir?

LIGHTFOOT

(*He jumps out of his hiding-place, brandishing his cane.*) Tell the tailor, you thief? Tell him you stole the money! Tell him I saw you take it! You rogue, you scape-gallows!

TIPPYTOES

I never touched it! I never did!

LIGHTFOOT

(*He beats TIPPYTOES with his cane.*) Villain! Black-leg! Take that! And that! And that!

TIPPYTOES

Ow! Ow! Yow! Help! Murder! (*Exit TIPPYTOES. LIGHTFOOT follows, beating him as he goes.*)

LIGHTFOOT

(*Off-stage.*) Eureka! Here it is! You never touched it, eh? How came it in your pocket, then?

PROFESSOR

Bless my soul! Perhaps I have misjudged Lightfoot, after all.

LUCY

Oh, Father! He is wonderful.

PROFESSOR

Wonderful? Humph!

LUCY

Isn't he *splendid*? Isn't he just too clever for anything?

PROFESSOR

Well—he has done me a good turn. That's true enough.

LUCY

They say one good turn deserves another. You know the proverb, Father.

(*Enter* LIGHTFOOT.)

LIGHTFOOT

The tailor has the money, sir. I found it in that wretch's pocket and gave it to him myself. Tippy-toes is locked in the hall closet.

PROFESSOR

I thank you, Mr. Lightfoot. I thank you very much indeed. (LIGHTFOOT *bows*.)

LUCY

Father! "One good turn—" you know.

PROFESSOR

Perhaps the best way I can show my apprecia-

tion, Mr. Lightfoot, is by withdrawing my objections to your suit for my daughter's hand.

LUCY

Father! You darling!

LIGHTFOOT

I can never thank you sufficiently, sir. *Oh, Lucy!*

LUCY

*Oh, Lawrence!*

PROFESSOR

My blessing on you both!

LUCY

Isn't it lovely! Isn't it joyful! I simply must dance to show how happy I feel.

LIGHTFOOT

Yes, let us dance.

PROFESSOR

I will play for you. (*He seats himself at the piano and plays. LUCY and LIGHTFOOT dance a minuet.*) <sup>1</sup>

<sup>2</sup> Note IX. Page 162.

CURTAIN



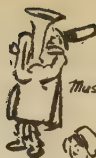
Derrick  
(20 years)  
later



Musician



Musician



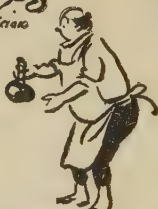
Musician



Derrick v. B.



Broen Dutchee



Nicholas Vadder



Dame Schuyfer



Grunty



Judith  
(20 years)  
later



Nicholas  
(after 20 years)



Boy



Little  
Girl



Dame van Winkle



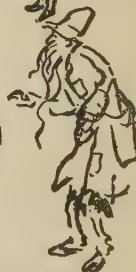
Judith



Wolf



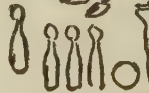
"Rip"



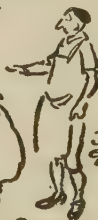
Rip  
(30 years)  
later



Crew of the Half Moon



Willem Schenck



Jonathan  
Doolittle

# RIP VAN WINKLE

A Play for Marionettes in Six Scenes

(*Adapted from Washington Irving's story "Rip Van Winkle"*)

Place: *A Dutch Village in the Kaatskill Mountains*

Time: *Before the Revolutionary War and After*

Scene I. *Outside the Royal George Inn. Morning*

Scene II. *Dame Van Winkle's Kitchen. Late afternoon of the same day*

Scene III. *A Glade in the Kaatskill Mountains. Evening of the same day*

Scene IV. *Same as Scene III. Twenty years later*

Scene V. *Outside the Union Hotel, formerly the Royal George. An Hour Later. (Same as Scene I, with slight changes)*

Scene VI. *The Common-Room of the Union Hotel. Immediately after*

## CHARACTERS IN ORDER OF THEIR APPEARANCE

Derrick Van Bummel, a School-Master.

Brom Dutcher, a Farmer

Nicholas Vedder, Proprietor of the Royal  
George Inn

Dame Schuyler, a House-wife

Grunty, Rip Van Winkle's Pig

Wolf, Rip Van Winkle's Dog

Rip Van Winkle, a Shiftless Fellow

Dame Van Winkle, Rip's Wife

Judith, Rip's Daughter

Ghost of Hendrik Hudson, Discoverer of the  
Hudson River

Ghosts of the Crew of the "Half-Moon,"  
Hendrik Hudson's Ship

A Little Girl

A Little Boy

Jonathan Doolittle, Proprietor of the Union  
Hotel, formerly the Royal George

Willem Schenck, a Farmer

Rip Gardenier, a Baby

Village Band (Three Musicians; drum with cym-  
bals, flute and horn)

Voices

Note: Two puppets are needed for Rip Van Winkle, Nicholas Vedder and Judith, showing the changes during twenty years.





## RIP VAN WINKLE

### SCENE I

*Outside the Royal George Inn. Morning. The inn is in the Dutch style, built of yellow bricks and having latticed windows. Benches are set under large tree. A sign bearing portrait of King George III hangs over the door.*

NICHOLAS VEDDER, BROM DUTCHER *and* DERRICK VAN BRUMMEL *discovered*. NICHOLAS *smokes a pipe*; <sup>1</sup> VAN BUMMEL *reads a newspaper*.

DERRICK

I see by the paper that Peter Vanderdonk's barn was struck by lightning last night.

BROM

You don't say! Was there any damage?

<sup>1</sup> Note VII. Page 161.

DERRICK

There was, indeed! Burned to the ground. But all the stock was saved; they led the horses out, with grain-sacks tied over their heads.

NICHOLAS

Well, well! That's hard on our good neighbor.

BROM

It was a bad storm. A tree was struck up our way—that big elm-tree at the crossroads.

NICHOLAS

(*He puffs leisurely.*) Old Hendrik Hudson is at his tricks again.

BROM

What is that story, Nicholas? Why do all the old folks talk about Hendrik Hudson, when there is a thunder-storm?

NICHOLAS

(*He puffs.*) My grandmother used to tell the tale, when I was a boy. She used to tell me that the ghost of Hendrik Hudson, who discovered our river and all this country hereabout, lives in the mountains yonder, where he can keep an eye on his domain; and she said the ghosts of

the crew of the "Half-Moon"—that was Hudson's ship, you remember—keep watch with him.

BROM

But what has that to do with thunder-storms?

NICHOLAS

My Grandmother said old Hendrik and his crew amuse themselves, playing nine-pins. When you hear thunder, that's the balls a-rolling.

DERRICK

Nine-pins? Ridiculous.

BROM

Thunder does sound like balls a-rolling, doesn't it?

NICHOLAS

There was a man once, who got lost in the mountains during a thunder-storm. He saw old Hudson's ghost, my granny said, with all his crew. Playing nine-pins, they were, and drinking liquor, and all as solemn as a church. Not one of them said a word—just rolled the balls and guzzled down the drink.

BROM

Wasn't he afeared?

NICHOLAS

I should say so. Old Hendrik offered him a drink, too, but he was too wise to take it. Anyone who drinks with Hendrik Hudson will sleep for twenty years. That's the story, anyway.

DERRICK

These old-wives tales are too absurd! Does anyone believe such nonsense nowadays?

NICHOLAS

My grandmother believed it. Most of the old folks do.

BROM

I shouldn't want to meet old Hudson's ghost—not I!

(*Enter DAME SCHUYLER.*)

DAME SCHUYLER

Well, neighbors, I see you are setting the world straight, as usual. Have you heard the news?

DERRICK

It takes a woman to know the gossip.

DAME SCHUYLER

You bench-warmers here at the inn are the biggest gossips in the village. Woman, indeed! I have a mind not to tell you anything.

BROM

Don't mind Derrick, neighbor. What's the news? Tell us—there's a good soul.

DAME SCHUYLER

Well, your friend, Rip Van Winkle, is in trouble again.

DERRICK

That's no news. Rip is always in trouble.

DAME SCHUYLER

His cow got loose. You know what a tumble-down fence Rip has around the pasture-lot. Well, she broke through and ran all over Dominie Van Schaick's garden. She ate all the peas and bean-vines, and trampled the onion-bed. They say the dominie threatens to have the law on Rip.

NICHOLAS

You don't say!

DERRICK

Rip is a careless fellow. All of his fences are falling to pieces and his garden has run to weeds.

BROM

There's nothing in his garden, but a patch of Indian corn and a few potatoes. Terrible shiftless, Rip is.

DERRICK

He'd rather go hunting, or fishing, than work, any day.

DAME SCHUYLER

Well, I must say, I like Rip Van Winkle. He is always obliging. Only yesterday, I was that busy with the churning, that I hadn't time to run down to the store for a pound of tea. Rip was passing by and offered to get it for me. He is always ready to do an errand for a neighbor. It's more than my husband would do.

BROM

Or to help with the husking; or making cider, or getting up a frolic. Yes, Rip's a good fellow. Easy-going, of course. White bread, or brown, it is all the same to him.

DERRICK

He would rather starve on a penny, than work for a pound.

NICHOLAS

What can you expect of a man, who has a wife like Katrina Van Winkle? There's a woman I can't abide.

DAME SCHUYLER

That woman! I wonder how Rip can bear to

live with her. She has the worst tongue this side of the Kaatskill mountains. Catch my husband putting up with it.

DERRICK

A tart tongue is the only edged tool that grows sharper with use.

NICHOLAS

Scold, scold, scold! Nag, nag, nag! If I had a wife like Rip's, I would beat her—that I would. (*He puffs furiously.*)

BROM

Poor Rip! He's a hen-pecked husband, sure enough.

DAME SCHUYLER

I must be going. There's bread to set this morning—and I must run in to Dominie Van Schaick's to see how much damage Rip's cow did to the garden. Goodbye, all.

BROM

I'll go along with you.

(*Exit DAME SCHUYLER and BROM DUTCH-ER.*)

NICHOLAS

(*He calls after them.*) Stop and tell us, when

you have another piece of news, Dame Schuyler!

*(Enter GRUNTY, RIP VAN WINKLE'S pig.)*

DERRICK

That woman is a gossip. She'd better stay home and see to her house.

NICHOLAS

Isn't that Rip's pig?

DERRICK

Yes, it is. The pig-pen must have fallen to pieces, too.

*(Enter WOLF, RIP VAN WINKLE'S DOG. WOLF chases the PIG, who runs about the stage, squealing, and upsets the school-master. NICHOLAS laughs. The DOG chases the PIG off-stage.)*

DERRICK

*(He picks himself up.)* That cursed pig.

NICHOLAS

Don't be upset, Master Van Bummel. *(He laughs.)*

*(Enter RIP VAN WINKLE.)*



RIP

Good morning, neighbors. Has any one seen my dog, Wolf?

NICHOLAS

The school-master saw your pig, Rip! He was all upset about it. (*He goes into a fit of laughing.*)

RIP

Grunty out again? Well, well, I do have bad luck. But I don't see anything funny about it. (*He whistles. Enter WOLF.*) Here, Wolf! Where have you been? Come here, boy!

(*WOLF jumps up on his master. RIP seats himself and the DOG lies down at his feet.*)

NICHOLAS

How's the world, Rip? Fish biting pretty good?

RIP

Never better. I caught a fine mess of trout this morning. You fellows miss the best fun in the world by not going fishing. Birds singing, grass all dappled with green-gold shadows, trees blowing, blue sky and a fluff of white cloud drifting—there's nothing like it. Why, sometimes, I don't catch *anything*—and it doesn't matter at all!

DERRICK

Humph!

(*Enter BROM DUTCHER with an accordion.*) <sup>1</sup>

BROM

Say, Rip! There's going to be a barn-dance down at Sutphen's place. What say, you and me should do our turn, the same as we did at Vanderdonk's husking last fall?

RIP

Suits me, Brom. I need a little spry stepping once in a while, to forget my troubles.

BROM

What say we practise a bit?

RIP

That's a good idea. Let me see; how does she go?

(*BROM plays the accordion and RIP dances.*) <sup>2</sup>

NICHOLAS

Well done, man! All the maids at the frolic will be making sheep's-eyes at you, old humbug!

<sup>1</sup> Note VIII. Page 162.

<sup>2</sup> Note IX. Page 162.

DERRICK

If you would put half as much energy into farming, as you do into dancing, you'd get along better, Rip.

NICHOLAS

Here comes your wife, man.

(*Enter DAME VAN WINKLE. RIP tries to hide.*)

DAME VAN WINKLE

I see you, Rip. It's no use hiding from me. What do you mean, sir? The pig is out and you here, idling away your time. Well? Why don't you say something? (*RIP shakes his head.*) What's the matter with you? Are you dumb? There's no wood cut for the stove; and the garden is full of weeds—but oh, no, *you* can't do any work; *you* must go fishing or shooting, or sit by the hour gossiping with these old women, here. You are the good-for-nothingest man in these mountains, Rip Van Winkle. And what an honest, hard-working, God-fearing woman like myself ever married you for, is more than I know!

NICHOLAS

(*He smokes angrily.*) Tut, tut, tut! Bridle your tongue, woman.

## DAME VAN WINKLE

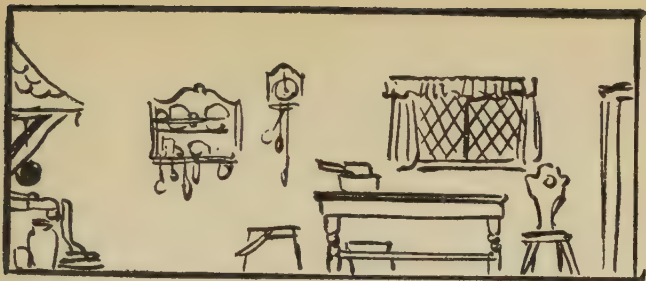
Not one word from you, Nicholas Vedder—or you, either, Brom Dutcher. Don't you open your mouth. It's you, both of you, that encourage my husband in his shiftless ways. What do *you* do all day, but dawdle away your time? And you teach Rip to do the same, more shame to you. (*To RIP.*) Get along home with you! Do you think I can stand here all day, you lazy lout? (*RIP shakes his head sadly. Exit RIP and DAME VAN WINKLE, still scolding.*)

## BROM

Shrew!

(*NICHOLAS smokes furiously.*)

## CURTAIN



## SCENE II

DAME VAN WINKLE'S *kitchen. Afternoon of the same day.* DAME VAN WINKLE *is discovered, sweeping. Enter JUDITH with WOLF. She is humming a tune.*

DAME VAN WINKLE

Do stop that humming. It makes me nervous.

JUDITH

Yes, Mother.

DAME VAN WINKLE

And don't bring that dog into my kitchen. Just look now. He has tracked up my clean floor. (WOLF'S *ears and tail droop.*) Paw-marks all over! (To WOLF.) Get away, you worthless hound. You are just as bad as your master. (She *threatens WOLF with the broom. He cringes and hides himself in the corner.*)

JUDITH

Please don't scold Wolf, mother. He is a good dog and I love him.

DAME VAN WINKLE

Where is your father?

JUDITH

He went out to chop some wood for the stove.

DAME VAN WINKLE

And a fine time it is to be chopping wood—six o'clock in the evening and a shower coming up. (*Lightning shows at the window and there is a rumble of thunder.*) <sup>1</sup> Was ever a poor body so distracted! How am I to get supper, when there is no kindling split and no wood either? (*She sweeps angrily. JUDITH starts humming again.*) Didn't you hear me tell you to stop that humming?

JUDITH

Oh, dear! Everything I do is wrong. (*Lightning and thunder.*)

DAME VAN WINKLE

My grief! It's going to be a bad shower.

<sup>1</sup> Note X. Page 163.

JUDITH

Old Hendrik Hudson is playing nine-pins. Hear the balls rolling?

DAME VAN WINKLE

Where did you get that silly story? From your father, I'll be bound.

JUDITH

I think it is a pretty story. I like it.

DAME VAN WINKLE

Just like your father to fill your ears with such trash.

*(Enter RIP VAN WINKLE with his gun on his shoulder. WOLF barks a welcome.)*

DAME VAN WINKLE

More mud.

JUDITH

Is it raining, dear father? Did you get wet?

RIP

No, Judy. The rain has not started yet, but we shall get it in a moment. The sky is black.

DAME VAN WINKLE

I thought you went out an hour ago, to cut

wood for the stove. Where is it? And what are you doing with that gun?

RIP

Well, you see, wife, I thought I would shoot a squirrel for supper. Squirrel pot-pie is a tasty dish. I thought you might like it.

DAME VAN WINKLE

Where is the squirrel? (*She taps angrily with her foot.*)

RIP

I had no luck at all, wife. There was not a squirrel to be seen.

DAME VAN WINKLE

Just as I thought. And where is the stove-wood?

RIP

Well, you see, I couldn't cut wood and shoot a squirrel at the same time, could I?

DAME VAN WINKLE

So you didn't cut any wood! But you want your supper just the same, you lazy loafer! Who's to cut the wood? I'm to cut it, I suppose.

(*RIP hangs his head. WOLF growls.*)



DAME VAN WINKLE

Quit that growling.

JUDITH

Oh, mother. Please don't be so unkind.

DAME VAN WINKLE

Hold your tongue. (*To RIP.*) Now, I tell you, Rip Van Winkle, this is the end—the end, I say. I'm through with you and your shiftless ways. Yes, and your dog, too, that tracks up my kitchen with his dirty paws. I'm through with you! You can get out of my house tonight—and stay out forever.

JUDITH

Please, mother, *don't*. Don't send father away.

DAME VAN WINKLE

Mind your own business, Judy. (*To RIP.*) Why don't you say something? What are you standing there for, as dumb as an egg? Get out, I say, and take your dog with you. (*Thunder and lightning.*)

RIP

Come, Wolf!

DAME VAN WINKLE

Never set foot in this house again—never, I

say. (WOLF *growls.*) Here, you! Get out! (*She kicks WOLF. Exit RIP and WOLF.*)

JUDITH

Now, what have you done! Oh, my poor, dear father! (*She throws herself across the table, sobbing. Thunder and lightning.*)

CURTAIN



### SCENE III

*A Glade in the Kaatskill Mountains. Evening of the same day. There is a large rock at the left and a smaller one, right. The stage is dark. Thunder rolls repeatedly, then dies away. It becomes gradually lighter and RIP and WOLF are discovered. RIP'S gun lies on the ground.*

RIP

Where have they gone? A moment ago they were here—Hendrik Hudson and his crew! I saw them. Playing at nine-pins, they were. And now—nothing. Vanished quite away. Am I awake, I wonder? (*To WOLF.*) Did you see them, boy? Did you see old Hendrik Hudson and his men?

WOLF

Woof! (*He wags, vigorously.*)

RIP

I was never so surprised in my life. To think of it—me, Rip Van Winkle, to see such a sight! (*Thunder rolls.*) At it again! It will be a fine tale to tell Nick Vedder and Brom Dutcher, when I get home. And the school-master, too, who doesn't believe in old Hendrik and his nine-pins. It's a joke on him, I say.

WOLF

Woof! Woof!

RIP

I agree with you. When we go home—but we have no home to go to, Wolf, my boy.

WOLF

Woof! (*He slumps dejectedly.*)

RIP

My wife is a hard woman.

WOLF

(*He growls.*) Urrgh! Grrgh!

RIP

That woman's tongue is like a hammer. Nothing but nagging and scolding from one day to another.

WOLF

Urrgh! Grrgh!

RIP

Poor Wolf! Your mistress leads you a dog's life; but so long as I live, you shall not lack a friend. (*He sighs.*) My little Judy is a good girl. She loves her father.

(*Thunder rolls.*)

HENDRIK HUDSON'S GHOST

(*Off-stage.*) Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!

RIP

Somebody's calling me.

HUDSON

Rip Van Winkle!

RIP

I'm all of a tremble.

(*Enter Hendrik Hudson's ghost with a flagon in his hand. He is clad in antique Dutch costume.*)

HUDSON

Rip Van Winkle!

RIP

Aye, Master Hudson, it's myself. What might you want of me?

HUDSON

*(He points back of the rock.)* Follow me!

RIP

Yes, sir, Master Hudson. I'm coming.  
*(Exit HUDSON and RIP behind rock.)*

WOLF

*(He howls.)* Oooo! Ooooo!

HUDSON

*(Off-stage.)* Drink!

VOICES

*(Off-stage.)* Do not drink! Do not drink, Rip Van Winkle!

*(WOLF bolts off-stage in terror.)*

*(Re-enter RIP and HUDSON. Both have flagons in their hands. They click them together, toast each other without words, and drink repeatedly.)*

RIP

Best drink of Hollands I've had in years. *(He seats himself on ground.)* But it makes my head

spin. Round and round—that's the way it goes. Lord, I'm drowsy. (*He stretches out.*) I feel—I feel as if I could sleep for twenty years!

(*He sleeps and snores.*)

HUDSON

(*He bends over RIP and laughs.*) Ha, ha, ha!

(*Heads of the crew of the "Half Moon" appear above the top of the rock.*)

CREW OF HALF MOON

(*They laugh like an echo.*) Ha, ha, ha!

CURTAIN

## SCENE IV

*Same as Scene III. Twenty years later.*

RIP is discovered, sleeping on the ground. Heavy breathing is indicated. He has become an old man, with a long white beard. His clothes are in rags; and his gun, covered with rust, lies beside him.

RIP

(*He wakes and sits up.*) Ah-h! Ah-h! How stiff I am. I have been asleep a long time. How my joints crack! I must have taken cold, sleeping so long on the damp ground. (*He rises with difficulty.*) Oh, my back! I've got rheumatism. Ah-h! (*He whistles for his dog.*) Wolf! Wolf! Come here, boy! (*He whistles again.*) Where is that dog? He must have run home. (*Whistles again.*) But I have no home now. Well, I'll go down to the village. Nick Vedder will give me a bed. (*He looks around.*) Everything looks different, somehow. (*He calls.*) Wolf! Wolf!

(*Exit RIP, calling WOLF.*)

CURTAIN





## SCENE V

*Outside the Union Hotel, formerly the Royal George. An hour later. Same as Scene I, with slight changes. The sign is replaced by one bearing a portrait of George Washington in buff and blue, wearing a cocked hat and carrying a sword; and a flag-pole, flying the Stars and Stripes, is erected in place of the tree, which formerly shaded the door. The benches have been removed. Enter RIP VAN WINKLE, with his old musket over his shoulder. He stops and looks at the sign. A little boy and girl follow him.*

BOY

What a funny old man!

GIRL

Sshh! He will hear you.

BOY

Oh, no, he won't. People as old as he is, are deaf. They don't hear anything. Did you ever see such a long beard? He's a regular old-timer.

GIRL

His coat is ragged. He must be a beggar.

BOY

Look at that gun! I'll warrant that gun is twenty years old; maybe more. They don't use that kind nowadays.

RIP

Children! Can you tell me where to find the Royal George Inn?

BOY

(*He shouts, thinking RIP deaf.*) I never heard of it, sir. This is the Union Hotel. It's the only one in our village.

RIP

That flagon of Hollands must have addled my poor wits. It was here yesterday, the Royal George. . . . wasn't it now?

BOY

Oh, no, sir. How could it be?

GIRL

Come along, brother. The old man is crazy.

RIP

And where are the benches? And the big tree?

BOY

There isn't any big tree here, sir. And no benches, either.

RIP

Yesterday there was a big elm tree—right there. What flag is that?

BOY

Oh, come now! You are surely joking. You *must* know the flag of the United States.

RIP

United States? I never heard of the United States. What's their flag here for, in an English colony?

BOY

That's too funny. Don't you know about the Revolution, old man—the war that set us free

from England? Where on earth have you been keeping yourself?

RIP

It's very confusing. I can't seem to make head nor tail of it. (*He examines the sign.*) This is not King George.

BOY

I should say not! That's General George Washington. Don't you know about him, either?

RIP

I never heard tell of him. He was not here yesterday.

GIRL

Do come, brother. I am afraid of crazy folks.

(*Enter a DOG, which resembles WOLF. He jumps on the children.*)

GIRL

Down, Rover! Stop jumping on me. You'll get my dress dirty.

RIP

It's Wolf! Come here, boy. (*The DOG growls at RIP.*)

GIRL

How funny! The old man thinks Rover is a wolf,

RIP

Wolf! Come, boy. (*The DOG growls again.*)  
My very dog has forgotten me! (*He pauses.*) I  
may as well go in, anyway. (*He knocks on the*  
*door.*) Nick! Nick Vedder!

CURTAIN

## SCENE VI

*Common-room of the Union Hotel. Immediately after. JONATHAN DOOLITTLE and WILLEM SCHENCK are discovered, playing chess.*

SCHENCK

Check!

DOOLITTLE

I'll take that bishop, man.

SCHENCK

Check-mate! You are sewed up in a bag, Jonathan.

DOOLITTLE

So I be.

*(Knocking is heard at the door.)*

RIP

*(Off-stage.)* Nick! Nick Vedder!

DOOLITTLE

Come in!

*(Enter RIP VAN WINKLE.)*

DOOLITTLE

This is a tavern, old man. No need for knocking.

RIP

Is this the Royal George?

DOOLITTLE

Lord, no, man. We don't hold with such names nowadays. No "Royal Georges" here.

SCHENCK

George Washington is good enough for us.

RIP

(*He looks around.*) This room. It is different from what it was yesterday.

DOOLITTLE

This is the Union Hotel—Jonathan Doolittle, proprietor. At your service, sir. And who might you be?

RIP

I hardly know who I be. I used to be Rip Van Winkle, a native of this village—and a loyal subject of the king, God bless him!

DOOLITTLE

Do you mean to say you are a Tory?

RIP

Tory? I never heard of them.

DOOLITTLE

What are you doing here? We want no Tories, nor spies, in this hotel. I give you fair warning of that.

RIP

Excuse me, sir. I meant no harm. I only stopped in to ask about my neighbors, for I cannot seem to find any of them.

DOOLITTLE

What neighbors?

RIP

Where's Peter Vanderdonk?

DOOLITTLE

Why, Vanderdonk is dead and gone these eighteen years!

SCHENCK

There used to be a wooden tomb-stone in the graveyard that told all about him, but that is rotted and gone long ago.

RIP

Ah! Where—where is Brom Dutcher?



SCHENCK

He went off to the army at the beginning of the war. Some say he was killed at Stony Point.

DOOLITTLE

And some say he was drowned in a squall at the foot of Anthony's Nose. I don't know. He never came back to the village, anyway.

RIP

Van Bummel, the school-master—where is he?

DOOLITTLE

He went off to the war, too. He was a great militia general—we are proud of Van Bummel. He's in Congress, now.

SCHENCK

Yes, Van Bummel is a great man.

RIP

War! Congress! Militia! My poor head is in a muddle. Does nobody know Rip Van Winkle? God knows, I'm not myself! I am somebody else. I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountain—and they have changed my gun; and everything is changed; and I am changed! I can't tell what my name is, nor who I am.

SCHENCK

Crazy! Poor old man!

(*Enter NICHOLAS VEDDER, a tottering old man.*)

NICHOLAS

Rip Van Winkle!

RIP

Who—? It can't be—it *is*—Nick Vedder!  
(*They embrace.*)

NICHOLAS

Welcome home, old neighbor. Where have you been these twenty long years?

RIP

I don't know what you mean by twenty years. Last evening I went up to the mountain with my dog, Wolf, and there I saw old Hendrik Hudson and his crew, a-playing nine-pins. I never thought to see such a strange sight. He gave me a drink, old Hendrik did, and I lay down to sleep. When I awoke, everything was different.

NICHOLAS

Man alive! Don't you know what has happened to you? You have slept for twenty years—that always happens to them who drink with Hendrik Hudson!

RIP

Have I been sleeping for twenty years?

(*Enter JUDITH GARDENIER, with a baby in her arms.*)

JUDITH

Good-afternoon, all. Is my husband here?

DOOLITTLE

No, Judith. Peter Gardenier has not been here all day.

RIP

Young woman— (*The baby cries.*)

JUDITH

Hush, my lamb! Hush, Rip! The old man will not hurt you, little fool! Excuse the baby, sir. He is afraid of strangers.

RIP

What is your name, young woman?

JUDITH

Judith Gardenier, sir.

RIP

What was your father's name?

## JUDITH

Poor man, his name was Rip Van Winkle. It's twenty years since he went away from home and he has never been heard of since. His dog came home without him—but whether he shot himself, or was carried away by the Indians, nobody ever knew. I was only a little girl at that time.

RIP

Your mother? Where is she?

JUDITH

Mother died only a short time ago.

RIP

Dead!

JUDITH

Yes, poor woman. She had a high temper and it was the un-doing of her. She flew into a fit of passion at a New England peddler, who came to the door selling tin-ware—and broke a blood-vessel, poor thing.

RIP

Judy! Judy! Don't you know your father?

JUDITH

Father! (*They embrace.*) Dear, dear father. Welcome home, dearest father.

RIP

Judy! You are a woman grown.

JUDITH

Yes, father. And married to the best man that ever was. Peter Gardenier. You remember him, don't you?

RIP

I mind Peter Gardenier well. I used to carry him on my back, when he was a little fellow.

JUDITH

And this is little Rip Gardenier. I named him for you, father. Shake "day-day" to your grand-dad, son. (*The baby waves his hand.*)

RIP

Bless the boy!

JUDITH

We have a good farm and a snug, well-furnished house. You must live with us, dear father. Peter often talks of you. He will be as glad to welcome you, as I am.

DOOLITTLE

Master Van Winkle, this is a great day for all of us. Every man, woman and child in this village

will want to see the man who drank with Hendrik Hudson and slept for twenty years. Yes, and to hear the story from your own mouth. But first, let us have a glass of toddy in honor of our friend's home-coming. (*He calls off-stage.*) Here, boy, mix us some rum and water. And have it hot, mind you! (*All seat themselves.*)

SCHENCK

An excellent idea, Jonathan.

RIP

Thank you, Master Doolittle. Maybe a glass of rum will make me feel like myself again.

(*Enter the village band. There are three musicians. Drum, with cymbals, horn and flute.*) <sup>1</sup>

DOOLITTLE

Good afternoon, men. (*To RIP.*) Our village band, here, Master Van Winkle, drops in to the hotel afternoons to tootle a bit and pass the time away. They will play some patriotic airs, sir, to familiarize you with what's been going on, as you might say.

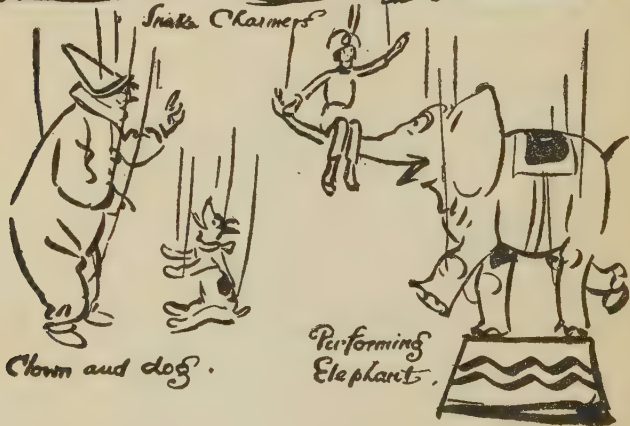
RIP

You are all kind—very, very kind.  
(*The band plays "Yankee Doodle."*)

CURTAIN

<sup>1</sup> Note XI. Page 164.

## SECTION II





## SUGGESTION FOR A VAUDEVILLE SHOW

An amusing Vaudeville show may be given by presenting marionettes in some of their characteristic "stunts," in the manner of the accepted theatrical Vaudeville.

For example, with a record on the phonograph for two banjo players, two puppet banjo-players may perform thus: (*See drawing on page 136.*)

A female puppet singer<sup>1</sup> with a rising-and-falling chest may give the audience a song, accompanied by a little player at a toy-piano. This is the same act which is employed in the play called "The Singing Lesson."

Hindoo snake-charmers, one a tom-tom player, one a flute-player (Chinese flute) may perform with a Japanese paper snake in a basket.

A clown may do tricks with a clever dog.

A shy little-girl marionette may recite "Mary Had a Little Lamb," forget her lines and end with tears.

A juggler<sup>2</sup> may perform feats with a colored ball.

<sup>1</sup> Note VI. Page 158.

<sup>2</sup> Note XII. Page 164.

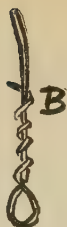
An Oriental dancer <sup>1</sup> may give a life-like dance.

A performing elephant may go through amusing antics.

Any number of other acts may be added, as they suggest themselves to an ingenious puppet operator. A phonograph, or musicians behind the scenes, will furnish appropriate music for these numbers.

<sup>1</sup> Note IX. Page 162.

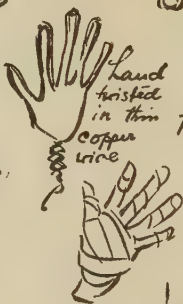
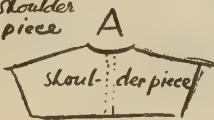




modeled  
head showing  
wire loops.

A and B  
wired  
together

wire for  
shoulder  
piece



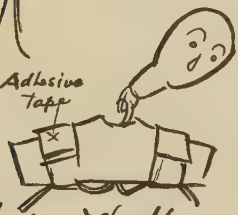
Hand  
twisted  
in thin  
copper  
wire



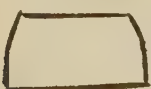
hollow  
cloth  
sleeve.

cloth

Adhesive  
Tape



Head and shoulder  
piece combined



Hip piece.

Trunk fibre  
wire loop



cloth  
with  
cotton

Trunk fibre



foot

Side view (notice how  
wood is cut out under  
knee to allow bend.)

## TONY SARG TELLS HOW TO MAKE A MARIONETTE

Modelling the heads appears to give amateur puppet-makers the most trouble, so I will take up that question first.

Do not try to carve the heads from wood—I strongly advise against it. Wood Plasteline, which may be bought in a tin at the hardware store, is an ideal substance for modelling puppet-heads by hand. It is a soft wood-pulp putty, which becomes as hard as oak, when exposed to the air.

To make a puppet-head, twist together two pieces of wire; one the width of the head required (A) having two small loops at the ends to which the head-strings are to be attached, and the other (B) which has a loop, by which the head is to be fastened to the body. The two pieces (A and B) will look like this, before being covered with Wood Plasteline. (*See drawing.*)

When covered with Wood Plasteline only the loops should show. (*See drawing.*)

My advice is to model an egg-shaped head with a nose only, not attempting to model eye-brows or lips, but depending upon the painting of the

face for your effects. I advise water-color for the painting.

For eyes, cut two black-headed pins in half (to make the pin short enough) and stick them into the Plasteline before it hardens.

The wigs of dolls from the Ten Cent Store will furnish hair, which may be glued on; or unravelled silk, or rope may be used. Or one may buy coils of red, black, yellow or white hair, from which wigs may be fashioned, at a Theatrical Make-up store.

For the shoulders, secure a piece of wood like this (*See drawing*) and bore through it a small hole (A) where marked.

Put a piece of wire through loop in the neck of the head you have modelled; twist it so that it forms another, smaller loop, and pull the two loose ends through the hole in the shoulder-section marked A. Then bend the two ends (B and C) side-ways and secure both ends tightly with adhesive tape, as shown in the illustration.

Use another piece of wood for the hips. Attach this hip-section and the head-and-shoulder section to a middle-section of cloth, or muslin, which forms a hollow stocking for the middle part of the puppet. The attaching may be done with small tacks. This hollow middle-section gives flexibility to the doll, helps it to bend and also

aids it in walking, one of the most difficult feats for a marionette to perform naturally.

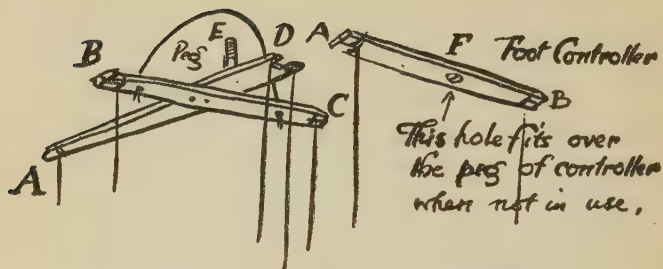
The legs should be whittled from a round piece of stick and provided with carefully made joints at knee and ankle. The top of the leg is of cloth, stuffed with cotton, with a cloth end, by which the leg may be attached with tacks to the hip-section. It is advisable to make the joint pieces out of strong leather or trunk-fibre, to avoid breakage.

The arms are hollow sleeves, attached to the shoulders, and having a hand at the end.

For hands it is advisable to build a small copper-wire skeleton (*see drawing*) then wind thin tape around the fingers to give them body, at the same time leaving them free for bending into any position necessary for expression, or to facilitate the picking up of an article—another difficult action for a puppet to perform. Paint the hand with pink water-color after binding, add a touch of shiny shellac for finger-nails, and the folds of the binding will become practically invisible.

No wire skeleton is necessary for the feet, which should be modelled of Wood Plasteline, preferably in the exact shape the shoes are to be. High-heeled shoes are not recommended.

Small loops should be made wherever a string is to be attached, as shown in the accompanying illustration.



*Correct way of holding controller in left hand and knee strings in right hand*



*Foot controller placed over peg to release right hand*



So much for the marionette himself! And now for the means of operating him.

My marionettes are animated by a device, called a "controller," an invention of my own. The main controller (held in the left hand of the operator) is made of two strips of wood in the shape of a cross. One strip may be about a foot long and the other nine inches. The ends are carefully cut into with a fret-saw (*See A, B, C and D*) to allow the strings to be attached; and near figure A, there should be a peg, or nail, standing upright, to which the "foot controller" (E) is attached, when not in use.

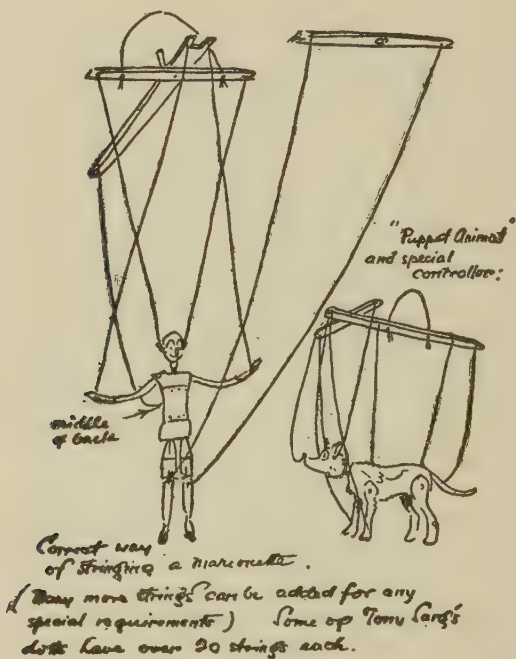
The foot controller (held in the right hand) is a separate strip of wood, about eight inches long, to which the knee strings are fastened; and which has a hole (F) bored in the centre to fit over the peg near figure A. When the doll is not walking, the puppeteer slips the foot controller on to the peg, thus freeing his right hand to assist in moving the head and hand strings. (*See illustration.*)

Near B and near C (main controller) there should be a small hole, through which a piece of cord with a knot on each end should be run. This should form a loop large enough to allow the hand of the puppeteer to be slipped under it; and is used for hanging up the puppet, when not in use.

The stringing of the doll should be done with

black carpet-thread; or, better still, with Japanese silk trout-line.

The principal strings are those from either side of the head; from the centre of the back; from the hands; and from the knees. Hand-strings should be attached to the middle of the hand, not to the fingers. These are sufficient to animate the arms, as well. All these strings, with the exception of knee-strings, are attached to the



main controller. Those from the sides of the head are attached to the ends of the arms of the cross; those from the hands are fastened to the short end of the cross; and the back-string is fastened to the opposite end of the long piece of the cross. (*See illustration.*)

The knee-strings are fastened to the ends of the foot-controller.

Continuous practise in operating puppets is what brings results. My advice to the beginner is to start by seating a doll on a chair the right size for him, and try to make him move his head and body without falling off the chair.

To accomplish this, lift the main controller in such a way that the back-string becomes taut and all the others loose. That will cause the doll to lean forward. Then turn the head by tilting movement of bar to which head-strings are attached. As bar is tilted up and down the head will turn from side to side.

Marionettes do not walk well, but walk they must! When the foot-controller is twisted back and forth, first one foot of the doll lifts, then the other; and this, together with a forward movement of the main controller, is the way that walking is accomplished.

Little by little, with much practice, one learns to operate marionettes skillfully; and discovers for one's self what their range of accomplish-

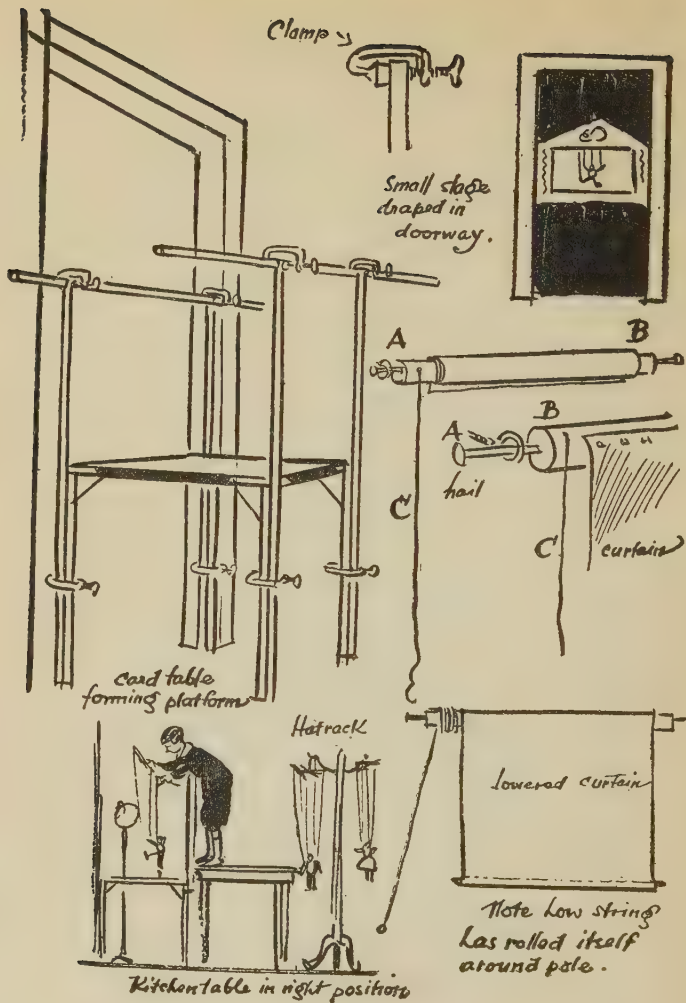
ments is. Surprises are in store for the experimenter; as he becomes expert in manipulation, he will discover undreamed of possibilities in the dolls. An additional string here and there, and a few additions to the controller, will enable them to perform many astonishing tricks. There is hardly a limit to the possibilities of marionettes in the hands of a skilled puppeteer.

The reader will probably not be surprised to learn that some of my own marionettes are managed by as many as twenty-six strings to a single doll.

Puppet-animals are always attractive and their antics are sure to please the audience. Toy-animals may be converted into puppets, by loosening and jointing-up stiff heads, legs and tails, so that the animal is as flexible as the human marionette. It should be strung in such a way as to give virtually the same action as the doll. (*See illustration.*)

Every animal is different, so no definite rule can be laid down. The puppet-maker must use his ingenuity in working out his four-footed marionettes.







## TONY SARG TELLS HOW TO CON- STRUCT A HOME-MADE MAR- IONETTE STAGE

Marionettes can perform on the simplest kind of stage. A card-table is a good foundation for a home-made puppet-stage.

Place the card-table in a door-opening. Take four pieces of wood six or seven feet long and about one inch in thickness, and fasten them, upright, to the legs of the card-table, as shown in the accompanying illustration; then take two additional pieces of wood about  $5\frac{1}{2}$  feet in length and fasten these on the tops of the uprights. A good way to fasten them, is to use clamps, which may be bought at the hardware store. (*See drawing.*)

Drape the stage with velveteen, or some non-transparent material, as shown in illustration; taking care to drape the front of the table and the part of the door-opening which shows above the stage, as well.

It would add to the attractiveness of the stage if a large, much-ornamented gilt picture-frame were attached to the two front uprights, to form a proscenium-arch. This will give the effect of a real stage in miniature.

The stage-curtain is fairly simple. Secure a round stick, or wooden curtain-pole (A and B), and tack to it your curtain (which should be made of non-transparent material) as shown in illustration. Run an iron rod through the lower hem of the curtain.

A nail should be driven into each end of the curtain-pole (A and B) in such a way that it will run freely in a screw-eye, which is screwed into each of the front uprights (*see drawing*) or into the frame, if a frame is used. Place the pole in the screw-eyes, roll up the curtain by hand and then attach a piece of cord on curtain-pole (C) preferably through a hole, which has been bored. Then let curtain unroll itself and, as it does so, the string (C) will roll itself around C end of pole—and you can pull curtain up and down at will. (*See drawing.*)

Back drops may be made of card-board, painted



in such scenes as the play requires; or simply of silk, velveteen, or other material, gracefully draped.

It is advisable to use as few properties as the action of the play requires, or only such as are necessary to the attractiveness of the scene. The strings of the marionettes are likely to become tangled, if there is anything for them to catch on, and the amateur will do well to suggest his scene in the flat back-drop, rather than with non-essential properties. If the strings become tangled, lower the curtain, until they have been untangled.

Two portable electric-lights, one placed on each side of the stage, will furnish effective lighting. Colored silks or gelatines placed in front of these lights will give excellent results: red, for firelight; green or blue, for moonlight, etc.

Stringed marionettes are operated from above the stage, so a strong kitchen-table should be pushed close to the back of the card-table-stage for the puppeteers to stand on, while they are operating the dolls. (*See illustration.*)

Arrangements must be made, too, for hanging up dolls required in the play, within easy reach of the table where the puppeteers are standing. A hat-rack would be useful for this purpose.

A phonograph, also back of the stage, may be used to furnish the music.

Somebody in the audience should be instructed to turn out the house-lights at the sound of a gong, or bell; and to turn them on again at the end of every scene.

Programs may be used; or a puppet-announcer may give the audience the necessary information. This puppet has an opportunity to cause a lot of merriment, calling people in the audience by name, directing attention to the fact that marionettes act better if the applause is good, etc. A little preliminary "joshing" helps to put the audience into the right mood for the show.

## NOTES

*(Directions for performing marionette tricks employed in the plays.)*

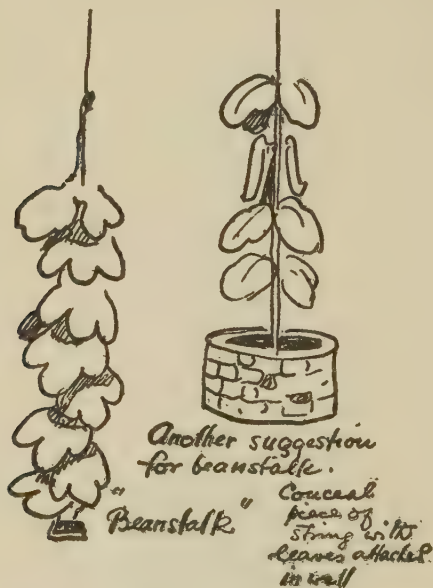
### NOTE 1. (Red Riding-Hood)

When walking a doll, it is advisable to lift the hand-strings from the front of the controller, and hang them over the ends of that part of the controller that holds the head-strings. By this means the hands will be lifted to a horizontal position. As the strings should always be attached through the middle of the hand, there remains a bit of protruding hand, which is useful for carrying baskets with handles. In this case, it is advisable to bend the fingers slightly upwards, thereby insuring safety for the basket.



## NOTE II. (Jack and the Bean-stalk)

The bean-stalk is made by folding a piece of green material like a handkerchief, only with additional folds. A special kind of material, used for making artificial leaves, can be bought at the artificial-flower-maker's shop; otherwise, green felt



may be used. Cut out folded material in the shape of leaves (*see drawing*), and attach string to top leaf. Fix a weight to lowest leaf. At given moment, pull string slowly and bean-stalk will rise.

Hold at slant, so Jack, held close to bean-stalk, will give appearance of climbing.

NOTE III. (Hansel and Gretel)

The burning eyes may be shown by means of a pair of electric torches, bound together with adhesive tape, and their reflections cast on the back drop in a conspicuous spot. Darken the stage for this effect.

Or eyes may be painted on a silk back-drop, in such a way that they only show, when a flashlight is held immediately behind them.

NOTE IV. (Hansel and Gretel)

Ghosts may be made by attaching flimsy chiffon



to a grotesque head and pair of hands. (*See drawing.*)

NOTE V. (Hansel and Gretel)

The oven should show a typical grate-door with openings. These openings should be cut out

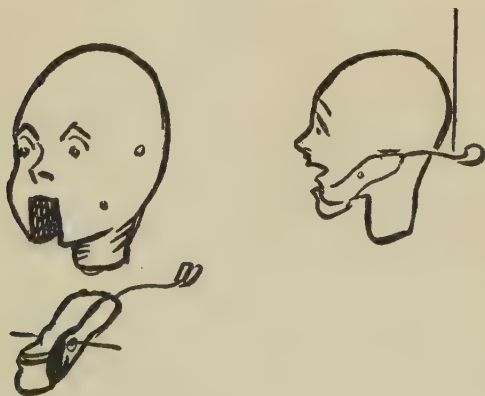


*stove for Hansel & Gretel*

and pasted over with transparent red silk, shel-lacked. The moment the witch is in the oven and screaming, a pocket-flash should be held close to the red silk, making the oven appear red-hot.

NOTE VI. (The Singing Lesson)

In order to get an effect of realistic singing, it is necessary to have a moving mouth and heaving chest for the doll, Lucy.



The moving mouth is accomplished by carefully cutting out section of head, thus: (*see drawing*) and constructing movable lower jaw with a weight (A) to which a string is attached. A pin (B) keeps the jaw in place.

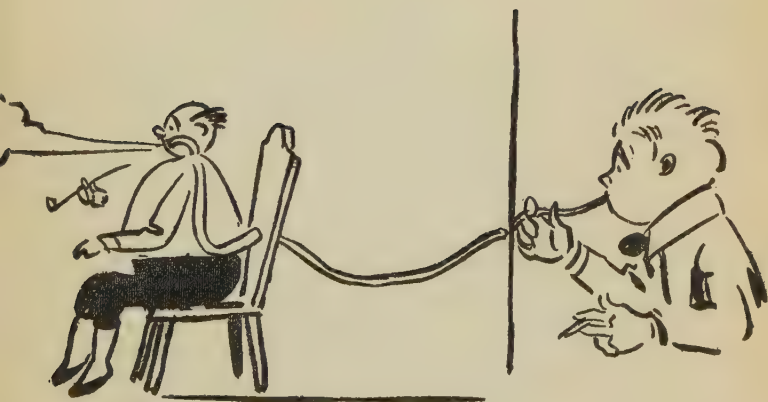


The figure should be dressed *décolleté* to show the heaving chest, which should be a flat *papier-maché* piece (*see drawing*), attached to the neck and shoulders with chamois-leather in such a way that it can move up-and-down. The movement should be restricted by making the dress in such a way that it allows just sufficient play to give the effect of deep breathing. The breast-string should be attached to the front of the chest. (*See drawing.*)



## NOTE VII. (Rip Van Winkle)

A rubber-tube is run through the body of Vedder from the mouth, and emerges at the middle of his back. This tube is carried through the back-drop in a way which conceals it from the audience. Directly back of Vedder, and behind the back-drop, stands a puppeteer with a lighted cigarette. Through a peep-hole in the back-drop, the



puppeteer watches the motions of Vedder and, when he puts his pipe into his mouth, blows a puff of smoke into the tube. The smoke is forced out of the bowl of Vedder's pipe. (*See drawing*).

#### NOTE VIII. (Rip Van Winkle)

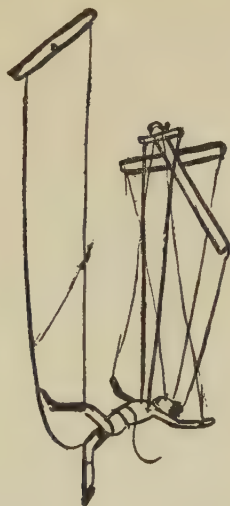
Attach miniature accordion with elastics to each hand of player. Have one end of accordion heavily weighted. To give effect of playing, pull string of hand opposite weighted end of accordion, only.

#### NOTE IX.

For dancing figures, it is important not to weight the feet, so that the smallest jerk on the foot-controller will send the foot in a magnificent kick.

In order to get a particularly good effect in dancing, the puppet should have two breast-strings fastened to the main controller where the hand-strings are attached, which enable him to lean backwards, while dancing. Notice that the controller is tilted upwards in front, where the two extra breast-strings are attached. (*See illustration.*)

The music chosen for puppet-dancing should be pronounced in rhythm, to enable the puppeteers



to time the movements to the music. A drum, or cymbals, are a great help to dance-music.

NOTE X. (Rip Van Winkle)

To produce the sound of thunder, hang a large sheet of tin, by a string, thus: (*see drawing.*) Grip the tin by the lower end and give energetic and continuous shaking—and an excellent imitation of thunder will result. Shake slowly and gently to cause thunder to die away.

For lightning, have one strong electric-light covered with card-board. Remove card-board for the fraction of a second, and an effect of lightning will be produced.



For rain, fill a tin biscuit-box one-third full of beans. Revolve box slowly by hand, keeping beans in continual motion. This will produce the sound of rain.

NOTE XI.

For dolls playing musical instruments with mouth-pieces, it is necessary to attach a small wire loop near mouth in order to pull instrument close to mouth.

NOTE XII.

The juggler should have an additional controller-stick, quite separate from the ordinary

controllers, which is attached to each hand. (*See illustration.*) A fairly heavy wooden ball with a hole in the middle has both hand-strings pulled through it, like this. (*see drawing.*)



Very easily, the ball is jerked into the air by the stick; it runs up along the two hand-strings and always descends on the hand elevated by the stick. Right-side up, the ball descends on the right hand.

Breast-strings are used to good advantage with this doll, as they enable him to look up at the ball.



### SECTION III





## INTRODUCTION TO TONY SARG'S TOY THEATRE

Children, and grown-people, too, can have much pleasure in making and producing puppet-shows, but not everybody has the patience and skill which the work requires. For years I have been receiving letters from children, asking for a ready-made stage and marionettes. I have been turning these requests over in my mind for a long time; and now any child may have the fun of giving a puppet-show, whether he feels equal to making his own production or not, for I have designed and put on the market a little stage, complete, with curtain scenery, puppets, stage-properties and lighting-arrangements.

The dolls, which are to be used with this little stage move in grooves and are operated from below by the hand of the puppeteer—so easily operated that all mechanical difficulties are overcome.

The playlets of Section II, simplified versions of "Red Riding-Hood" and "Hansel and Gretel," have been specially arranged for the ready-made stage; and full directions for the use of the dolls,

the little stage and its appurtenances, are inserted in the text. The publishers of this book, Greenberg Inc., 112 East 19th St., New York, will be glad to give particulars about the Toy Theatre.

TONY SARG.

## RED RIDING-HOOD

*(Simplified version for Tony Sarg's Toy Theatre)*

### A Play in Three Scenes

Scene I. *Red Riding-Hood's House*

Scene II. *The Forest*

Scene III. *The Grandmother's House*

### CHARACTERS IN ORDER OF THEIR APPEARANCE:

Goody Riding-Hood

Red Riding-Hood

Goodman Riding-Hood

The Wolf



## SCENE I

*Red Riding-Hood's House. The scene is an exterior. Cottage with open door, right. Goody Riding-Hood is discovered.*

GOODY

(*She calls.*) Red Riding-Hood! Where are you?

RED RIDING-HOOD

(*Inside cottage.*) Here I am, Mother. Do you want me?

GOODY

Yes, daughter. It is time for you to be starting for Granny's house, if you are to get there before noon.

RED RIDING-HOOD

All right. I'm ready.

GOODY

Fetch the basket with you. It is on the pantry shelf.

RED RIDING-HOOD

I have it.

*(Enter RED RIDING-HOOD, through cottage door. She has a basket on her arm.)*

RED RIDING-HOOD

Is Granny ill, Mother?

GOODY

I don't know; but it is over a week since we have heard from her. I worry about the old lady. It isn't right for an old body to live alone.

RED RIDING-HOOD

What is in the basket?

GOODY

There's a jar of chicken broth for Granny—it's strengthening, broth is; and a glass of strawberry jelly; and—let me see—a bottle of blackberry cordial. That will do her good.

RED RIDING-HOOD

Is there anything for me?

GOODY

Yes, my greedy little pigeon. There's a nice luncheon in the basket for you. I baked some little cakes and frosted them with pink icing.

RED RIDING-HOOD

Pink icing! Mm, mm!

GOODY

Well, you'll never get started, if we stand here talking. Go straight by the forest path and do not linger by the way.

RED RIDING-HOOD

No, Mother.

GOODY

Perhaps you'll meet your father in the forest. He is chopping down the old hemlock tree near Granny's house to-day.

RED RIDING-HOOD

That will be nice.

GOODY

Run along, then. And don't forget to tell Granny that I made the blackberry cordial myself.

RED RIDING-HOOD

No, Mother.

GOODY

Be sure to come straight home, as soon as you

have had a little visit with Granny and eaten your luncheon.

RED RIDING-HOOD

Yes, Mother. Goodbye, dear Mother.

GOODY

Goodbye, little daughter. Be a good girl.

RED RIDING-HOOD

Yes, Mother.

(*Exit* RED RIDING-HOOD.)

GOODY

Perhaps I should not have sent her alone. I declare, I'm as fidgetty as a witch, whenever that child is out of my sight!

CURTAIN



## SCENE II

*The Forest. Tree-stump right. Goodman Riding-Hood discovered, chopping at stump with axe. He whistles as he works.*

*(Enter RED RIDING-HOOD.)*

RED RIDING-HOOD

Good morning, Father. You sound as if you enjoyed chopping that old stump.

GOODMAN

Just getting into the swing of the day's work, as you might say. Forty whacks at the old stump and I'm ready to chop the whole day through.

RED RIDING-HOOD

I'm going to be ever so busy to-day, too. I am on the way to Granny's house. Mother has packed my little basket full of dainties to take to her.

GOODMAN

That's good. Your Granny is a fine woman and we must do everything we can for her. Still, you are only a little girl. I am not sure I like the idea

of your going alone through the forest to see her.

RED RIDING-HOOD

Why not, Father?

GOODMAN

It's a strange place, this forest. There's a power of queer things in it. Things I don't like.

RED RIDING-HOOD

Oh, Father! You *are* funny. Why, just look around you. There are flowers and berries; and the trees whisper so sweetly together. I love the forest.

GOODMAN

That may be; but don't tarry on the way. And don't stop to talk with anyone you meet.

RED RIDING-HOOD

Oh, I won't meet anyone.

GOODMAN

Do not be too sure of that. Well, I must be off. I am going to cut down the old hemlock tree this morning. Goodbye, Red Riding-Hood.

RED RIDING-HOOD

Goodbye, Father.

(*Exit* GOODMAN RIDING-HOOD.)

RED RIDING-HOOD

*(She sings.)*

Hey, diddle, diddle,  
The cat and the fiddle,  
The cow jumped over the moon;  
The little dog laughed to see the fun,  
And the dish ran away with the spoon.

*(Enter the WOLF)*

WOLF

Good morning, little girl.

RED RIDING-HOOD

Good morning, sir.

WOLF

Where are you going this beautiful morning?

RED RIDING-HOOD

To my Granny's house.

WOLF

And where might that be?

RED RIDING-HOOD

On the other side of the forest; straight through  
by this path.

WOLF

Oho! And what have you in that nice little basket?

RED RIDING-HOOD

Lots of good things. Broth and cordial for Granny. And jelly. And cakes with pink frosting. Those are for me.

WOLF

I like pink frosting. But I like little girls better.

RED RIDING-HOOD

I must be going.

WOLF

Don't be in a hurry. You are such a sweet, juicy-looking little girl, Red Riding-Hood. You look good enough to eat.

RED RIDING-HOOD

That is what my mother says.

WOLF

We must get better acquainted. I simply love little girls.

RED RIDING-HOOD

I am not to speak to any one in the forest, but to go straight to Granny's house. My father said so.

WOLF

You don't say! But I am sure we shall meet again in spite of that—sweet, juicy, tasty little girl. It makes my mouth water to look at you.

RED RIDING-HOOD

You must not talk to me.

WOLF

Sorry! Well, I'm off!

(*Exit* WOLF.)

RED RIDING-HOOD

(*She weeps.*) Boo, hoo! Boo, hoo!

CURTAIN

### SCENE III

*The Grandmother's House. An interior; right is a bed. The WOLF is discovered in bed, wearing the GRANDMOTHER'S cap and spectacles. A knock is heard at the door.*

WOLF

Who's there?

RED RIDING-HOOD

*(Outside.)* It is Red Riding-Hood, Granny, come to wish you good morning! Let me in, please.

WOLF

Lift the latch, open the door and walk in.

*(Enter RED RIDING-HOOD.)*

RED RIDING-HOOD

How are you, dear Granny? Mother has sent you a basket of nice things. She made—*Oh, Granny!*

WOLF

Well?

RED RIDING-HOOD

You—you seem so strange.

WOLF

Come here and take my hand. Let me look at you.

RED RIDING-HOOD

(*She moves to bedside.*) Oh, Grandmother. What big ears you have!

WOLF

The better to hear you with, my child.

RED RIDING-HOOD

What big eyes you have, Grandmother!

WOLF

All the better to see you with, my child.

RED RIDING-HOOD

But—but—Grandmother—what a big nose you have!

WOLF

All the better to smell you with, my child.

RED RIDING-HOOD

(*Crying*) And what big teeth you have, Grandmother!

WOLF

The better to eat you up with, my child!  
*(He sits up in bed, growling. RED RIDING-HOOD screams.)*

*(Enter GOODMAN RIDING-HOOD with axe.)*

GOODMAN

What's going on here? *(He strikes the WOLF with his axe.)* Take that, you wicked Wolf! And that! *(He kills the WOLF, who howls in agony.)*

RED RIDING-HOOD

Oh, dear Father! Oh, oh, oh!

GOODMAN

Do not be frightened, Red Riding-Hood. The wolf is dead.

RED RIDING-HOOD

Is he really dead? Oh, I am glad. He was a wicked, wicked wolf.

GOODMAN

He got what he deserved. Something always happens to wicked people. They are sure to come to a bad end.

CURTAIN



# HANSEL AND GRETEL

*(Simplified version for Tony Sarg's Toy Theatre)*

A Play for Marionettes in Three Scenes

Scene I. *A Cottage*

Scene II. *A Forest*

Scene III. *The Witch's House*

## CHARACTERS

CHARACTERS IN ORDER OF THEIR APPEARANCE:

Gretel, a Little Girl

Hansel, Gretel's Brother

A Ghost

A Witch



## SCENE I

*Interior of a woodman's cottage. HANSEL and GRETEL are discovered.*

GRETEL

Step-mother is the meanest woman in the whole world.

HANSEL

Yes, she is. The idea of making us stay in the house all day, just because we broke her old pitcher!

GRETEL

Oh, dear! If we could only go out and play.

HANSEL

It's so stupid in the house.

GRETEL

Hansel! I wish we could go to the forest.

HANSEL

Why?

GRETEL

Oh, because it is so dark and mysterious—and it frightens me so much.

HANSEL

Girls are the silliest things! You want to go to the forest because it frightens you. There is no sense to that.

GRETEL

There are lovely flowers in the forest and berries to pick. But there are other things, too—strange, strange things!

HANSEL

What do you mean?

GRETEL

Little men, brown as earth, who live under the ground; and fairies with crowns on their heads; and—*witches!*

HANSEL

Witches? I don't believe there are any witches in our forest.

GRETEL

Oh, yes indeed, brother! An old witch lives there who catches children and makes them into gingerbread—especially if they have been

naughty! She has a great big oven to bake the children in.

HANSEL

Pshaw! I'm not afraid of any old witches—in the forest or anywhere else. I'm no fraidy-cat. Let's go. I think it will be jolly.

GRETEL

Yes, won't it? And we may as well go at once, for we have not brushed up the ashes, nor swept the floor, nor pared the potatoes, nor set the table as Step-mother told us to do—and she will be coming home soon.

HANSEL

Jiminy! Won't she punish us?

GRETEL

Yes—if we are here!

HANSEL

Hurry up! Let's go, before she comes.

GRETEL

All right, Brother.

HANSEL

Hooray, for the forest!

(*Exit HANSEL and GRETEL.*)

CURTAIN

## SCENE II

*The Forest. It is growing dark. Enter the children.*

HANSEL

Oh, how tired I am! We have walked a thousand miles—just about.

GRETEL

And all our pretty flowers are withered. Oh, how my legs ache!

HANSEL

I wish I hadn't eaten so many apples. Wow!

GRETEL

It is growing dark. Hansel—do you think we are lost?

HANSEL

Oh, no, Sister, for I had a bit of bread in my pocket and I crumbled it and dropped the crumbs as we walked, so we could find our way home. All we have to do is to follow the crumbs straight back to our own house.

GRETEL

Let us start, then, for it is getting late. (*They rise and look about the ground for the crumbs.*)  
I do not see any crumbs.

HANSEL

I cannot find any, either.

GRETEL

Then we are quite lost! What can have become of the crumbs?

HANSEL

The birds must have eaten them up.

GRETEL

What shall we do? I wish we were home. Brother, we were very naughty.

HANSEL

Never mind—we will both be good when we get home again. We will never be disobedient any more.

GRETEL

Never!

(*Burning eyes appear in shrubbery.*)

GRETEL

Brother—what is that?

HANSEL

They look like eyes, sister—burning eyes, staring at us out of the dark.

GRETEL

Hansel! I am so frightened. Perhaps they are wolves and will eat us up.

HANSEL

If only Father were here!

*(A ghost appears among the trees.)*

GRETEL

Oh! Oh! What is that? Oh, Hansel!

HANSEL

Hold my hand, Sister. I am afraid.

*(Sweet voices are heard, singing a lullaby. The ghost and the eyes immediately disappear.)*

GRETEL

Hark! What sweet voices. They comfort me. Do you think good fairies are coming to take care of us?

HANSEL

I do not know, but I am not afraid any more. Sister—I am sleepy.



GRETEL

So am I. Let us sit down on this log and rest.  
(*The children seat themselves.*)

HANSEL

When it is morning the sun will tell us how  
to find the way home.

CURTAIN

### SCENE III

#### *The Witch's House*

*The scene is an exterior. The house is made of candy and ornamented with cakes and tarts. An oven and a cage are joined to the house by a fence of gingerbread children.*

HANSEL and GRETEL are discovered sleeping in the same positions as at the curtain of Scene II.

HANSEL

(*He wakes.*) Where are we, Sister?

GRETEL

It is morning—morning in the forest! I wish we had some breakfast.

HANSEL

(*He rises and spies the WITCH's house.*) What a funny little house! I am sure there was not any house here when we went to sleep.

GRETEL

Perhaps it is enchanted and can move about as it wishes—I have heard of such things. Oh, oh!

It is made of candy. See, brother, the dear little house is all built of caramels! And the windows are barley-sugar! Oh, how nice, how nice!

HANSEL

And the roof is made of taffy!

GRETEL

And the fence is gingerbread! See the posts—they are gingerbread children.

HANSEL

Here is our breakfast, Gretel, and a good one, I say! (*They begin to eat the house.*)

GRETEL

UM—m! Nuts in this.

(*The WITCH appears at the door, unseen by the children.*)

WITCH

*Munching, crunching, munching,  
Who's eating up my house?*

GRETEL

Did you hear that, Hansel?

HANSEL

It is only the wind. I have often heard it howl

that way in the trees. Taste this—it is good.  
(*They fall to eating again.*)

WITCH

*Munching, crunching, munching,  
Who's eating up my house?*

GRETEL

The Witch! Hansel, it is the old witch who makes children into gingerbread! What shall we do? See—here is the oven! And here is a terrible cage! Oh, Hansel, let us go away at once.

HANSEL

I am not afraid of the old witch—but we'd better go, just the same.

WITCH

Oh, you dear children, what has brought you here? You have come to pay me a visit, eh? That's good—that's very good. (*To GRETEL.*) What is your name, my sweet little girl?

GRETEL

My name is Gretel—and this is my brother, Hansel. We are lost in the forest.

WITCH

That is even better. You are a nice, plump

little girl, Gretel—a tasty little girl. Hm! Sugar and spice, And everything nice, That's what little girls are made of!

GRETEL

Come, Hansel, we'll be going.

WITCH

Not so fast, not so fast, my dear—perhaps I shall have something to say about that. Let me see—(*she turns to HANSEL*)—let me see! This one needs fattening.

HANSEL

I want to go home!

WITCH

Don't cry, little boy. You shall have cakes and tarts, sugar and citron, raisins and almonds—all you can hold of them. Ya! Oh, how nicely we shall fatten up this little boy!

HANSEL

I want to go ho-ome!

WITCH

(*She opens the cage.*) Just step into this nice cage, dearie.

HANSEL

I don't wa-ant to!

(*The WITCH shoves HANSEL into the cage.*)

WITCH

There you are, sweetheart. Now, all you have to do is to eat and eat and eat—and get fatter and fatter and fatter.

HANSEL

I can't get out!

GRETEL

Let my brother out, you horrid old witch!

WITCH

Come now, dearie, that's no way to talk. Just right you are—fat and sweet! I am going to bake gingerbread to-day, my little girl, and the stove over there is heating for it. Just creep into the oven—will you?—and see if it is hot enough for the baking.

HANSEL

Gretel! Take care! Don't you do it! Don't, Gretel!

GRETEL

I am too big to get through that narrow door, madam.

WITCH

Stupid goose! Why, the door is quite large enough for *me*! Just look—I could get into it myself.

*(The WITCH stoops over to show GRETEL how to get in. GRETEL, who is behind her, gives her a push which sends her tumbling into the oven. The fire burns up brightly.)*

WITCH

*(She screams.)* Ow! Yow! Yow, Yow!

HANSEL

Hooray! Hooray! She is burning up!

*(GRETEL liberates HANSEL from the cage.)*

GRETEL

Come out, dear Hansel!

HANSEL

Good, Sister! You are a clever girl.

GRETEL

I smell gingerbread burning.

HANSEL

It is the old witch. She is burning up.

GRETEL

Oh, how glad I am the old witch is dead. How glad I am!

HANSEL

Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! The old witch is burned to a crisp. Hurrah! Hurrah!

(HANSEL *and* GRETEL *jig from side to side in a little dance.*)

CURTAIN













**Date Due**

--	--	--	--

791.538  
St63 b

15640

T

Stoddard

A book of marionette plays

791.538

15640

St63 b

AUTHOR

Stoddard

TITLE

A book of marionette plays

DATE DUE

BORROWER'S NAME

JE 6 '58

W Graham<sup>264</sup>

07 19 3

DAVID A JAMIEL

225

H

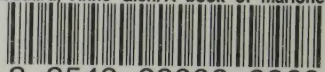
GW

THE MASTER'S COLLEGE

791.538 St63b

MAIN

Stoddard, Anne Glen/A book of marionette



3 3540 00006 0860